New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVI . No. 1429 SATURDAY · 2 AUGUST 1958 NINEPENCE

Survivors of the A-Bomb –Thirteen Years After

★

Revolt in Indonesia by Dorothy Woodman

★

Return of Vicky

Commeats on the Week's News .. 130
The Baasskap Trial. James Fairbairn .. 133
The Survivors of the Bombs. Edita Morris 133
London Diary. Critic 134
This England 135
Motivation. Reginald Reynolds .. 135
Revolt in Indonesia. Dorothy Woodman 135
Power-Drunk. Mikhail Zoshchenko .. 138
The Poultry-Fancier's Friend. Edward Hyams 138

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

New Opera Company. Desmond Shawe-Taylor 140
Italian Diary. John Berger 140
Tickety-Boo? William Whitebait .. 141
They Who Must Decrease. Tom Driberg 142
Shakespeare on Records. Leonard Woolf 143

CORRESPONDENCE

Robert Connell, P. T. Hayman, K. Zilliacus MP, A. J. P. Taylor, Seley Rittle, C. E. Vulliamy, V. L. Allen .. 144

Books in General:
Secret Parables. V. S. Pritchett .. 146
Two Poets: 1958. Anthony Thwaite .. 147

REVIEWS

The Liberal Fraud. Christopher Logue 147
All Out of Step . . . Nigel Nicolson .. 148
Hear Them Talkin'. Francis Newton .. 149
New Novels. Maurice Richardson .. 149
The Cry in the Cupboard. Margaret Lane 150
Gramophone Records. Peter Heyworth 150
Week-end Competition 152
City Lights. Taurus 152
The Chess Board. Assiac 153
Week-end Crossword. Set-square .. 153

Britain Sets the Pace

As the diplomatic missiles fly overhead, Mr Macmillan is beginning to emerge as the most determined advocate of early Summit talks. But why should his lone persistence be necessary? Much of the responsibility must rest on America. The surly tone of Mr Eisenhower's letter, his declared intention of raising other issues—such as Hungary—at a conference designed primarily to deal with the immediate problem of the Middle East, his desire to widen the number of participants, coupled with intensive lobbying of Latin-American and Afro-Asian states, all suggest that Washington is anxious to provoke a Soviet refusal. Behind this lies Mr Dulles's intense conviction that a Summit meeting, which led merely to a relaxation of tension and left concrete problems unsettled, would work against America's long-term interests. He has other motives, too: the fear of Mr Krushchev's televised impact on the American people and his manifest superiority over an ailing Eisenhower in any publicised contest. Besides, America may not need a Summit to extricate herself from her Lebanese adventure, for Mr Murphy's skilful engineering of General Chehab's candidature still looks as if it may permit an early, face-saving, American withdrawal from Beirut.

France also has thrust her spoke into the wheel, and for similar motives of national interest. With an autumn referendum to prepare for—which in effect will be a personal vote of confidence in his regime—de Gaulle is anxious to play the European host at a Paris meeting. Equally, he is determined at all costs to avoid a UN setting at which the Algerian problem can, and would, be raised. Hence the ruthlessness with which he torpedoed the original Anglo-US formula.

But the speed and enthusiasm with which Krushchev seized on de Gaulle's suggestion leads us to cast doubt on Soviet motives as well. Krushchev's first appeal for a meeting—made against the background of an imminent threat of war in Iraq—was plainly genuine, as was his assertion that he would meet in any place and in any setting. But the alarm is now muffled and the temptation to play politics has returned. It is still unclear whether the aim of Soviet Middle Eastern policy is merely to secure neutralisation of the area—and thus remove the military threat to its underbelly—or whether it has the positive objective of securing political, economic and military footholds. Krushchev is well aware that a neutral and tranquil Arab world, for purely economic reasons, would retain strong ties with the West, and that by prolonging the present tensions he also prolongs Nasser's dependence on Moscow. As things are, moreover, Russia need not take a deliberate choice for or against the Summit; for whether it is held or not, she stands to win ground among world opinion. At best, then, her attitude to the talks can be said to be neutral.

Indeed, of all the great powers, only Britain's interests demand an immediate meeting. Our 2,000 men in Amman, originally intended as the spearhead for the reconquest of Iraq—for the moment out of the question as recognition of the new regime spreads—now have no intelligible role beyond serving as bodyguard to an unpopular king. We cannot reinforce them because we lack the planes to meet the increased demand on supplies, and we are unwilling to make ourselves dependent on US logistical assistance, which might be unpredictably withdrawn. Should the situation in Jordan deteriorate, their position would become perilous. Yet they cannot be removed until Mr Macmillan can prove to his party that they have achieved their object. And only a Summit conference—from which some regional agreement, however vague, might emerge—seems likely to supply him with material for a convincing brief.

There is reason to believe that Mr Macmillan has fully grasped the point. He himself now stands poised between a resounding triumph and calamitous failure. Hence the energy with which—against much professional advice—he has seized the initiative, and again insisted on a prompt and favourable reply to the Soviet proposal. But not only Macmillan's future is at stake. As in 1878, when Disraeli bargained about another Middle East dispute, British interests and even perhaps the chances of world peace have, ironically, become identified with the personal fortunes of a Tory premier.

Comments on the Week's News

Sandys in the Quicksands

The most important point dealt with in Tuesday's very serious and informative defence debate in the Commons was not the reorganisation of the defence structure announced in the recent White Paper – effectively though that was criticised by Mr George Brown and others. It was Mr Sandys's view, which he has clung to with characteristic obstinacy, that the size of our forces – above all the army – can be drastically reduced without any corresponding rethinking in our colonial or foreign policy. The recruiting figures show that there is now a possibility that his target of an all-Regular army of 165,000 can be attained by 1962, when conscription is due to end. But Mr Anthony Head, an ex-Secretary of State for War and Mr Sandys's most persistent and authoritative critic on the Tory benches, showed beyond all possible doubt, that this target, granted our existing commitments, was gravely inadequate. He revealed that the Chiefs of Staff, after an intensive study, had declared 220,000 to be the absolute minimum. He then went on to allege that the figure of 165,000 was based upon a purely actuarial calculation of how many Regulars could be obtained if conscription were abolished. In short, the 165,000 target was based exclusively on political considerations and bore no relation to our military requirements. If, therefore, the government pursues Sandys's policy, it will be faced with the straight choice of reducing our overseas commitments – of which there is not the slightest sign – or employing heavier fire-power (i.e., atomic weapons). It is a sad indication of the present state of politics in this country that Mr Head's devastating criticisms – which amounted to an accusation that Sandys was deliberately misleading the country – have been virtually ignored both by the press and by the opposition leadership.

First Glimpse of the Fifth Republic

General de Gaulle's draft constitution now under consideration by the Consultative Constitutional Committee (which may offer 'advice' to the government but may not amend the constitution) looks very like the legal birth certificate of an authoritarian regime. Unless the parties of the left and centre unite in all-out opposition – and this seems impossible with both Mollet and Pflimlin in de Gaulle's Cabinet – the French public, weary of the Fourth Republic, will endorse the proposals, without understanding their implications, as a mark of personal confidence in their begetter. It will in fact be a near-miracle if the Fifth Republic turns out to be a parliamentary one. De Gaulle has obviously drawn heavily on US constitutional experience in an attempt to create stable and 'managerial' government in France. But in the US a 'strong' president is checked by many safeguards which are not apparent in de Gaulle's system. Indeed, the proposed powers over the Assembly suggest that French presidents need never find themselves, as their American counterparts so often do, seriously inhibited by a hostile legislature; and in the battle, which looks almost inevitable, between the president and any strong prime minister, the odds are heavily rigged in favour of the president. The limitations proposed on the sittings of the Assembly and its powers over legislation seem simply unconscionable in a parliamentary democracy. Equally important, but so vague as to defy positive interpretation at this stage, are the proposals which apparently enable France's overseas territories (but not Algeria, which is 'metropolitan') to turn themselves into components of a federation of the French Union. As this week's congress of the Party of African Regrouping has shown, Africans in the French Union are, like other Africans, interested in independence, not constitution-making. At this late date federation would be of interest to most of them only if it were a gesture of genuine self-determination based on full independence.

Wages and Recession

The Trades Union Congress agenda for September appeared this week. Wages policy is the subject of resolutions from both of the big general workers' unions, which, as usual, differ in their approach and view. The Transport & General Workers' resolution is substantially a reaffirmation of the existing policy, to which it explicitly refers. It declares against wage restraint in any form, and refuses to accept the imposition of a policy which would debase the living standards of the workers. As against this, the General & Municipal Workers, as always the exponents of more right-wing opinion, go only so far as to call on the General Council 'to raise with the government the whole question of the functioning of collective bargaining machinery in the nationalised services, and in particular the effect of ministerial influence on questions dealing with terms and conditions of employment'. It asks how far these services are free to fix their own price structures to enable them to pay wages and salaries comparable with other industries, thus directly raising the issue challenged by the government, *inter alia*, in the recent railway dispute. On the same day as the TUC agenda appeared, Sir David Eccles told the OEEC delegates in Paris that the recession, which he thought had touched bottom in the US, was at length reaching Europe, and he urged such expansionist measures as he deemed compatible with the avoidance of renewed inflation, thus in effect warning the continental countries not to attempt to meet the depression by deflationary methods. He suggested as remedies credit expansion and moderate interest rates, long-term export loans, and export credits, to be achieved by mutual consultation and agreement. Sir David is probably right in saying that the US recession is extending to Europe: indeed the revised embargo lists on trade with Communist countries surely reflects a general alarm. How far the European recession will go is anyone's guess; but one cannot feel at all confident that European governments and banks will not try vainly to meet it by deflationary action, as indeed the British have themselves been doing in fields other than international trade during the past two years.

Fewer by Bus

The London bus strike seems to have accelerated the drift of passengers away to private cars, scooters, railways and walking – though the winter may induce some of these to return to the comfort of the double-decker. London Transport claims that, since the strike, takings on the buses have fallen by 10 per cent., and that this decline comes on top of a fall, since 1950, of one-fifth in the number of passengers carried. Services have already been cut by 15 per cent. during the last eight years, and London Transport is now proposing to make a further cut of nine per cent. in the next few months. This is unlikely to cause unemployment, because London buses were already under-staffed before the strike, and several hundred crewmen found more attractive jobs while they were striking. But the changes in schedules, including the elimination of some services and the reduction of others, will obviously cause concern in the garages: this is a point of recurrent difficulty on the buses, and the men have for years felt that they have not been properly consulted about such changes. Since the strike has strained relations between men and management, it seems all the more important that, on this and on future occasions, the Board should go out of its way to consider the views of the crews concerned. There is also a public interest in this declining service. While the Board has no control over parking and traffic control in the London area, it is clearly against the public interest that multi-seater buses should be taken off the roads to make room for cars which carry only one or two passengers.

Behind Parliament's Back

The decision of the Colonial Secretary to introduce part of his new constitutional proposals for Northern Rhodesia during the parliamentary recess denies the right of parliament to debate these vital issues. Yet these measures, which include the franchise provisions, will set the theme for a large part of Central Africa, and are bound to influence British colonial policy in all multi-racial territories. The excuse given is that elections must be held early next year and the electoral rolls prepared for them. But it is quite possible for the government to postpone the elections by Order in Council. It has now become known that the constitutional proposals are in the main based on the Governor's proposals, which include qualified franchise, cross voting by the two races, 14 elected Europeans and eight elected Africans in the Legislative Council, powers for chiefs to veto African candidates, and a progressive raising of the franchise qualifications over the next ten years. These proposals are slightly more liberal than those approved for the federal elections and on that count are under heavy fire from most Europeans in Northern Rhodesia. They are, of course, rejected by all sections of African opinion. Congress is demanding a majority of African elected members, whilst the more temperate Legislative Council members are asking for equal numbers. The franchise qualifications are rejected by both African sections as far too high. The main danger in Northern Rhodesia, as elsewhere, of trying to introduce cross voting whilst insisting on a qualified franchise and maintaining a majority of European members is that the whole idea of a common roll is being identified by Africans as one means of preserving European control.

The Left in Singapore

Three points arise from the victory of the People's Action Party candidate in the Kallang by-election in Singapore. First, it supports recent indications that the PAP is likely to be successful in next year's national elections. Second, as

the successful candidate was only two years ago detained as a subversive, the result lends added weight to the Singapore protests against the Colonial Office's insistence that subversives be excluded from the general election. Third, the heavy defeat of David Marshall's Workers' Party, which previously held the seat, shows that the day of this mushroom organisation is over and that the left-wing feelings of the people of Singapore will be organised either by the PAP, or by the Labour Front, or both. The Labour Front candidate did well to run the PAP to a 713 majority in a poll of over 8,000. What is now needed is for these two Socialist parties to reach an honest accommodation with each other so that the Socialist vote is not split next year. It is known that the two leaders, Lim Yew Hock and Lee Kuan Yew, would like to find a *modus vivendi*. This is essential for electoral success, strong government, and the securing of sufficient balanced, experienced leaders, capable of meeting the economic problems and the political attacks which are bound to face the new Singapore government in 1959.

News From Our Own Correspondents

Swansea

Whose Finger on the Pulse ?

Ten minutes before stop-tap on Saturday night in the *Ivy Bush* on the brink of Swansea Docks, the man at the piano struck up *God Bless the Prince of Wales*. Inevitably it was sung with the greatest fervour by the most drunk. The young men for whom these last minutes were the critical ones with the roaring girls were, of course, quite indifferent. But everyone stood to sing the Welsh National Anthem (even if most people present didn't know the words, little Welsh being spoken these days on Swansea's East Side) before going out into the rain and the romantic shadow of the docks. You may argue that it doesn't take much to stir the *Ivy Bush* at 10.15 on a Saturday night, but there it was.

Clearly the Queen's totally unexpected announcement, her voice emerging from loudspeakers around the stadium, at the closing ceremony of the Empire and Commonwealth Games at Cardiff earlier in the evening, was a popular one. In the stadium it had been wildly received but the reaction of huge and excited crowds is, as we all know, nothing to go by. I think, though, that one has to grant that the old idea that the Welsh are a sceptical people given to hostility towards authority in all shapes and forms needs revision. Those of us nurtured on republicanism and dislike of all formal pomps may find it discouraging, but it very much looks as if in Wales, as elsewhere, it is no longer just the women and children who put out the flags and stand in the rain to wave them. Those public faces which have been talking about Prince Charles being created Prince of Wales as an act which 'would crown the Festival Year' had their finger on the pulse. Those private faces who couldn't quite see that anyone cared about whether there was a Prince of Wales or, if they did, why, were out of touch. At least in Wales.

Other myths have been disturbed by events surrounding the Empire Games. That one about the Welsh being incapable of large-scale organisation, about their debilitating obsession with private feuds, their Celtic irresponsibility, even their hostility to the concept of efficient and large-scale organisation – it no longer holds. The Empire and Commonwealth Games were immaculately arranged. No one was speared by a javelin, clouted by a discus: all races started on time. There were no complaints about food and lodging.

But the larger, non-parochial question about the Games was whether they achieved their aim of bringing the Commonwealth closer together. Inevitably, organisation and weather being good and the athletes talented, it was a sporting success, which is what most people care about. It is more doubtful if the fact that a South African shakes hands with a coloured athlete – a gesture which roused some people to ecstasies of excitement – showed that everything is all right really. Or that being in Cardiff and running against other Commonwealth athletes make an Australian in crew-cut, T-shirt and jeans hoping to go to an American university, re-orientate himself. The Pakistani wrestlers, who spoke no English, found Cardiff very disappointing after Tokyo, where they wrestled in the Asian Games – although they spoke no Japanese either.

That so many athletes – 1,500 – should come from so many countries is not quite, as they say, without significance. Neither, if it comes to that, is the enormous fame which Wales has gained from staging the Games. Never before have so many stories date-lined Cardiff appeared in so many newspapers throughout the world.

W. John Morgan

Westminster

Cooking the Books

Mr Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Defence, and Mr George Brown, his opposition shadow, probably spent an exceptionally thoughtful weekend, for both knew that on the Monday they would have to face a situation of some delicacy. Ostensibly we were to debate the reorganisation of the Ministry of Defence, a subject which had already induced the three service ministers to threaten resignation and on which Sandys had just lost a battle though not necessarily the whole war. One wondered what gloss he would put on his defeat and how many of his colleagues would slyly rub his nose in it. But this was not the only hazard he had to contemplate. Almost certainly the debate would range well beyond the technicalities of organisation to Sandys's policy of emphasising nuclear at the expense of conventional weapons; and here he could expect awkward and indeed damaging questions from his own side. Any such widening of the debate would bring problems, too, for Brown. He has to contend with his Crossman and his Wigg, just as Sandys has to contend with his Head and his Birch.

Sandys, suffused with what just now is a habitual flush, got off to a bad start. In outlining the history of the Ministers of Defence, he said that Sir Thomas Inskip had made no impact on policy. This he said was not Sir Thomas's fault since his office consisted only of himself and two typists. 'No doubt it was the fault of the typists,' said someone rudely. The atmosphere did not improve when Sandys appeared to present the proposals for 'strengthening' his ministry as something which gave him all the powers he had ever wanted and therefore as a victory for himself. The House shook with laughter, which was silent only on the government side. But it is possible that, in laughing, we all missed something. Sandys had carefully read out the essentials of the directive in which the Prime Minister had first outlined what the powers of the Minister of Defence were to be. The contrast between the powers proposed and the powers now actually being granted made nonsense of Sandys's claim that he was getting everything he wanted. Why then did he point this contrast? I think that it was his neat way of showing that, whatever watering down he had been forced to do in the interests of governmental unity, these were the powers the Prime Minister had intended him to have and that, though at the moment he was bending, he intended to get them in his own quiet, determined way, whatever he might now appear to be saying in the House. However, we had the laugh; and so did George Brown. He had no difficulty in riddling the case which Sandys had found it politic to present; and in so doing he found no difficulty either in avoiding more difficult subjects. Indeed his only difficulty was in sitting down; and this was one that he did not surmount for 56 minutes.

But then the undertones of the debate suddenly swelled and surged to the surface, for Mr Anthony Head caught the Speaker's eye. Head's good reputation as an opposition back-bencher was somewhat tarnished by his period in office for, as Minister of Defence, he was blamed for the organisational fiasco in Suez; and since then he has been almost silent in the Chamber. But it was known that outside it he had been far from silent about the defects of his successor's policy and now he was on his feet. For all his tentative manner and apparent casualness, he was now to make, in 23 minutes and without a single note, one of the most effective speeches I have heard in parliament and the most devastating attack by one colleague on another. He said that by proposing to run down the army to 165,000 Sandys was making it impossible for the government to carry out its foreign policy; that this figure of 165,000 was some 55,000 below the barest minimum that the War Office thought feasible; and that Sandys had chosen it not on any military calculation, but solely because his actuaries had told him that this was the maximum figure he could hope to get by voluntary recruitment. In other words, in a phrase that George Wigg was to use later, Head was accusing his colleague of 'cooking the books'. Politically a coward, militarily dishonest, obstinately stupid – that about summed up Head's view of Sandys; and, judging by the reception of his speech, this was widely shared on the government benches. This speech dominated the rest of the debate. Even the bullets from Wigg's machine-gun, which one expected to spatter George Brown's back, swerved in mid-air into Duncan Sandys, and only the sublime skill, curiously enough, of Mr George Ward, who as Secretary of State for Air had been Sandys's most adamantine opponent, saved the Minister from parliamentary savaging. Ward, tall, elegant, throatily urbane, chose to pretend that nothing had happened and, surveying the House as though he were chairman of the most respectable and opulent of public companies, treated us to a dissertation on the importance of good management. Half-way through this most members decided that they were not shareholders in this company and left the House. So the stretcher bearers were able to take Sandys away bloody, in the opinion of almost everyone, but in my opinion still unbowed; and George Brown was not even bloody.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street

Passed to Mr Dulles

I do not know how much attention Mr Dulles pays to the excellent press-cutting service with which his Information Office provides him, but even a cursory glance this week can have left him in no doubt whatever that his delaying tactics on Summit talks have made him Fleet Street's most unpopular public character.

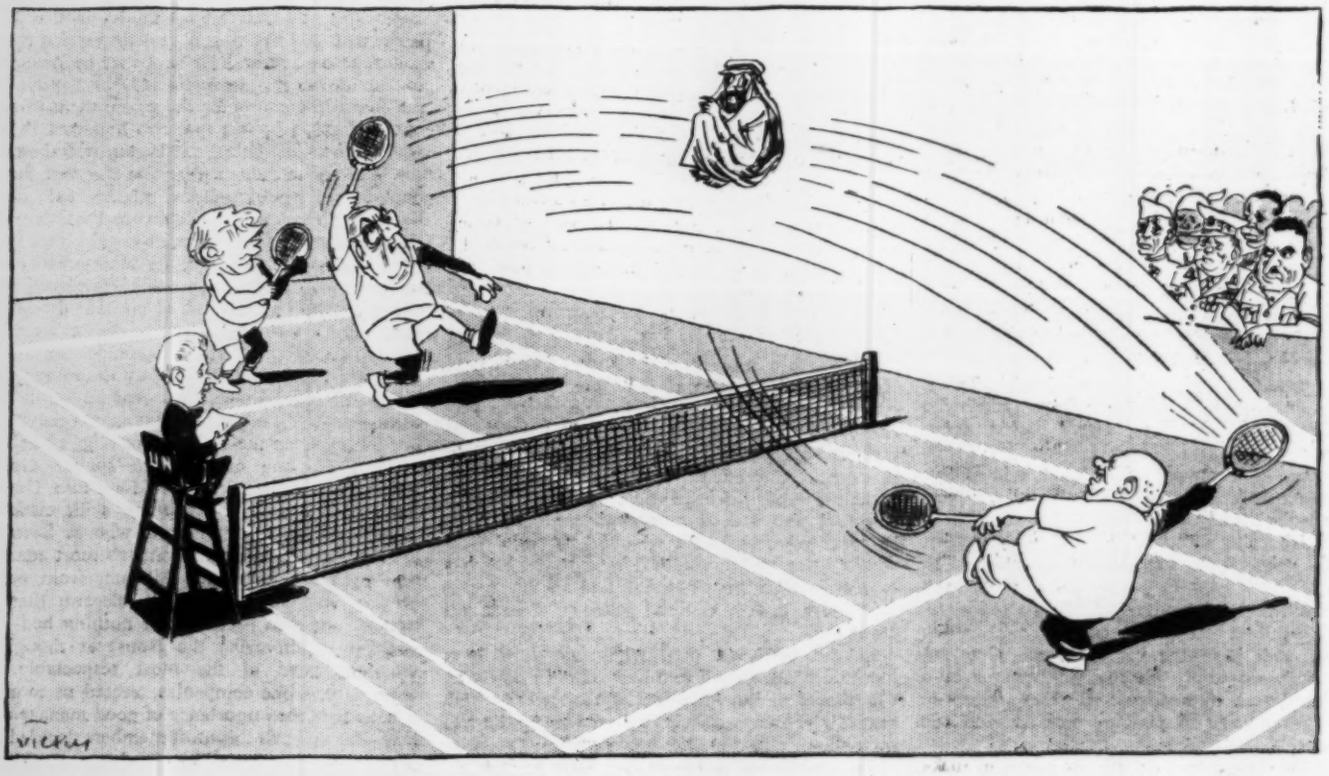
Heading its leader 'Round the Mulberry Bush', *The Times* commented tartly on Monday: 'Commonsense seems to be flying off unnoticed into outer space as the powers spin round in argument about the Middle East meeting'. It was, it said, bad enough that the French, British and American notes should all differ. But it was worse still 'that each of them, and especially the American, takes a formal and dogmatic line on the question whether the talks among the heads of government should be wholly within the Security Council'. It contrasted this formalistic and dogmatic line with the Soviet attitude and pointed out that the wrangle developing could only gain credit for Mr Krushchev: 'for he has shown himself remarkably amenable to any suggestion so far'. This followed a remarkably frank despatch from its Washington correspondent on the Saturday. This made no bones about what is described as the 'reluctant, almost churlish attittude' of the American administration which is 'much regretted in some American quarters'. Incidentally, it is pleasant to be able to report that the foreign correspondence of *The Times*, which had lately seemed to be becoming a muted instrument of the Establishment, has shone with a welcome brilliance during this crisis. Not only did *The Times* carry the first full despatch from Baghdad at a time when other newspapers were still explaining to their readers the superhuman effort being made by high-powered foreign reporters to get there, but many of its despatches both from there and Jordan have been superb examples of informed and independent reporting.

It is pleasant also in an esoteric sort of way to find it and the *Mirror* marching together down the same street singing the same song after their recent hostilities. On Monday the *Mirror* gave the whole of its front page and most of its back page to Mr Dulles. 'Who Is America Fooling?' it asked in large type and, in an open letter to the American Secretary of State, used language which, if more colloquial, added up to very much the same as *The Times* leader. 'What appals the British', it told him, 'is your unerring genius for obstinately getting hold of the wrong end of the stick and refusing to let the damn thing go'. It continued: 'The deep-rooted suspicion in Britain is that now that Krushchev is ready to come to the table America is embarking upon "avoiding" manœuvres, tart and legalistic objections, hair splitting, reluctance, churlishness, hedging, standoffishness. . . .' One hopes that Mr Haggerty explained to the President just how his Secretary of State is beginning to look to America's principal ally. He would not, however, have wished to pass on the comment of the previous day by the *Mirror's* companion, the *Pictorial*. The *Pictorial* declared over a large part of its front page that the conclusion is becoming unavoidable that the real reason the United States is dragging its feet is that 'America's statesmen are reluctant to submit the ailing President Eisenhower to the challenging ordeal of meeting with men whose physical and mental agility is unimpaired'. Incidentally it is interesting to note that, in the *Pictorial's* judgment, Summit talks mattered more to its readers than the news that Prince Charles was to be Prince of Wales. It was the only popular Sunday paper not to lead with this news. In fact, it did not bother to put it on either its front or its back page but merely carried it inside. For a paper with its fingers so much on the popular pulse as the *Pictorial* this is significant.

There is no doubt of Fleet Street's opinion that in the battle of words, so far, Mr Krushchev has won hands down. 'Mr Krushchev's replies to the western governments on the Middle Eastern crisis', said the *Manchester Guardian*, commenting on his latest note on Tuesday, 'are among his most delightful efforts so far', adding that although 'Mr Macmillan has shown that he can turn as pretty a phrase as Mr Krushchev any day, he has not Mr Krushchev's epistolary advantages. He is one of three and the three insist on looking in different directions.'

'Mr Krushchev is having the time of his life, and no wonder', said the *News Chronicle*. 'What is wholly lacking on the western side, it commented bitterly, 'is a proper sense of urgency; and, bluntly, this is America's fault . . . Mr Krushchev asks for a date. Let him have one.' This was the *Mail's* opinion, too. 'The impatient peoples say: "Cut the cackle and get round that table",' it declared. For once the *Sketch* and the *Mirror* were in the same chorus. 'This', said the *Sketch*, 'is the time to take Krushchev at his word. He wants those talks . . . we want the talks too. So do the French.' And in its blackest type the *Mirror* roared: 'Say When. Say Where. . . . Once again it is Krushchev who comes down to brass tacks on Summit talks. There is only one answer that Mr Macmillan and President Eisenhower can give now. And that is a *date*.'

FRANCIS WILLIAMS



A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis court, have made the ball
For them to play on, entreats you pity him

— Shakespeare, *Pericles:* Act II, Scene I.

The Baasskap Trial

THE three judges who are presiding in a converted Pretoria synagogue over the opening of South Africa's treason trial have two things in common. The first is that they have all been elevated to the Supreme Court since Mr Swart, the Nationalist Minister of Justice, took office in 1948, and the second is that his recent appointment of them as the present Special Court had to be legalised by retrospective legislation.

It has correctly been remarked that the combined judicial experience which these three men can bring to bear on this, South Africa's largest-ever treason trial, is considerably less than that possessed singly by some of their brother judges, but it should also be said that at least two of them have gained some knowledge of the present type of case during their previous bar careers. Mr Justice Rumpff, a judge since 1953, once successfully defended Mr Oswald Pirow, who now leads the crown team, on a charge of inciting public violence, and Mr. Justice Ludorf, who was elevated to the bench in 1955, appeared in a well-known war-time treason case.

It has become clear in the past 18 months that the Nationalist government has bitten off far more than it had thought it would have to chew in bringing mass charges of treason and to-day it would obviously like to have the whole thing over and done with. Both the local and the international publicity which the trial has already enjoyed have inevitably illuminated the whole structure of South African society, and Mr Swart's singularly inept handling of the case seems to have provoked serious criticism even within his own party.

This is understandable when one remembers that last month's retrospective Special Courts Act was the fourth piece of treason trial legislation which he has so far felt obliged to push through parliament. Probably the most important was that which changed the laws of documentary evidence to the detriment of the accused, who may now have to disprove the authenticity of vital documents drawn from the 10,000 led as evidence in the preparatory examination.

Extracts from this vast collection make up half of the 406-page indictment served on each of the 92 accused – a three-volume work, enlivened for the lay reader by the inclusion of a list of some 130 alleged 'co-conspirators', against whom no charges have been brought.

Of the six sections of the treason charge proper, three are of particular significance: all the 92 accused are charged not only with conspiring to 'disturb . . . the . . . authority of the state' and to 'oppose and resist' its power to 'enforce laws', but also of conspiring to 'hinder, hamper or coerce the state'.

The apparently widely publicised implementation of their plot is alleged to have included 'the use of extra-parliamentary, unconstitutional and illegal methods', including violence, chiefly in organising the Congress of the People which passed the Freedom Charter and in organising campaigns against the Bantu Education Act, the Pass Laws and the mass removal of Africans from western Johannesburg. These charges are backed with an exhaustive list of allegedly conspiratorial acts, all apparently consisting of making public speeches and of writing or publishing documents.

Even a cursory reading of the whole massive indictment makes one thing absolutely clear: it is the African National Congress, as the most important organisation of South Africa's unenfranchised majority, which is on trial. It follows that the drafting and propagating of the Freedom Charter, which formulated that majority's demand for equality, should be the centre piece of the formal charges. It is, in some ways, a situation in which a re-incarnated British Chartist would feel thoroughly at home. In a way, too, it is an ironical situation, for the failure of last April's pre-election stay-at-home demonstrated decisively how weak and ill-organised the African National Congress is after 46 years of existence. Whatever else may threaten, no one can seriously believe that revolution is around the corner in South Africa.

It may well be, however, that the accused will have to defend themselves on the alternative charges which have been framed under the notoriously wide provisions of South Africa's Suppression of Communism Act. Here the government has indicated that it will import Professor Josef Bochenski, the Polish Catholic expert on whose advice the West German Communist Party was banned, thus providing the world with the unique spectacle of the most Calvinist of all states prosecuting its heretics with the aid of a Dominican inquisitor.

Among the Congress movement leaders on trial there are, of course, several prominent ex-members of the disbanded South African Communist Party, but as a whole the 92 accused are so mixed a lot from every point of view that their very diversity is likely to present special problems both to the Crown and, in maintaining their common front, to their top-flight defence team. During the past months this team has set up a veritable legal factory to classify and analyse the vast amount of material with which it now has to deal, and the expense of this continuing and essential work is imposing a tremendous strain on the resources of the Treason Trial Defence Fund. This strain has, of course, been yet further increased by the government's decision to move the venue of the trial to Pretoria. For the 100-mile a day return trip from Johannesburg, even if undertaken in a government-supplied 'treason bus', will make impossible the continuation of the part-time jobs which many of the accused had managed to find in the Johannesburg district during the preparatory examination.

No official explanation of the reason for the move to Pretoria has been given, but it is said that the police felt better able to answer for the safety of the court in its small-town atmosphere than in Johannesburg. Certainly popular demonstrations of 'solidarity with our leaders' will become much more difficult to organise. This brings one to the crux of the whole affair: it is rapidly becoming clear that the effect of a conviction in this treason trial would be to enshrine White Baasskap as the official religion of the nationalist state, from which even private dissent would become dangerous.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

The Survivors of the Bombs

The author of this article recently paid a visit to Japan to inquire into the continuing effects of the atomic bombs dropped there exactly 13 years ago.

IN and around Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and scattered to the four corners of Japan, live some 250,000 survivors of the world's first atom bombs. The state of this population, the only one of its kind on earth, is well worth investigating as the nuclear arms race gains speed and further nations prepare to enter the dizzy contest. It is more than a possibility that our own fate in a not-too-distant future will resemble the lot of these atomic ghosts who, ashen-faced and hollow-eyed, semi-invalided and semi-employed, haunt the scenes of the crime.

In the new cities that have sprung up on the ruins of the old the survivors form a minority, set apart from the newcomers who were sucked into the population vacuums during the post-war decade. Their spirit has been seared by their fearful experiences, and an estimated third of them, approximately 80,000, is afflicted by one or other of the maladies grouped together under the general heading of radiation disease: leucaemia, lung cancer, liver and spleen malfunctions, endocrine gland disturbances, etc. Anything like an accurate figure is unavailable, in the first place because new people are constantly falling ill; in the second because of the inadequacy of official statistics. The one thing that seems clear is that any of the survivors (i.e., people who were living in the recognised danger zones, within three kilometers of the explosions' hypocentres) can at any moment be attacked by this terrible disease for which there is no known cure.

The mysterious affliction can strike with decisive swiftness, or again sap resistance through intermittent attacks spaced by quiescent periods. Two recent case histories from Hiroshima illustrate its divergent manifestations. Happy and carefree, young Keiko Madoka set out on a May picnic with fellow-workers from her factory to view the cherry blossoms. It was while they were playing games that Keiko cried out, 'My legs!' and sank down on the grass. When her companions, still laughing, tried to pull her to her feet, she fell over on her side, never to rise again. In her case atomic injuries manifested themselves with lightning speed, and she died before ever the cherry blossoms had made way for the ripe fruit.

To another survivor, the student Hiromasa Hizume, death from radiation exposure came very gradually. Throughout his young life Hiromasa had suffered from spells of mental instability, coupled with partial deafness, yet had managed to complete his schooling with a brilliant record. A month before his final college examinations, overwork brought on a recurrence: his lymphatic glands swelled up, blood oozed from his eyes and mouth, and he raved wildly about the fire and the deafening noise of the atomic explosion. Before his death he wrote in his diary the most damning question that a young person can ask an adult, irresponsible world: 'Why must I die? What have *I* done to deserve to die so very young?'

What active help has been offered these survivors, who suddenly or gradually developed the symptoms of radiation illness? Very little until recently. The post-war policy of the occupation authorities was to minimise the long-range effects of the bomb, and discussion of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki survivors was not encouraged. To be sure, the Atom Bomb Casualty Commission was busy cataloguing the Hiroshimans and compiling many thousands of case histories, but its findings were not meant for public enlightenment. Established shortly after the war as a joint

American-Japanese undertaking (but financed by the US Atomic Energy Commission), the ABCC is still functioning with impersonal efficiency, but without direct benefit to the bombed population. This is no fault of the three hundred-odd American and Japanese experts employed there; the vast plant, sprawling on a hill overlooking the city, was designed as a scientific, not a medical, centre, its aim being to study the effects of a nuclear explosion on a civilian population.

Only three years ago, with the resumption of full Japanese sovereignty, was active consideration given to the survivors. A Hiroshima mass meeting commemorating the tenth anniversary of the explosion of 6 August 1945 drew attention to the ailing thousands, who differed from the innumerable other Japanese bomb victims in that each carried within his body the slowly germinating seeds of death. Sale of official New Year's cards produced the means to build a hospital for nuclear diseases in each of the stricken cities; moreover, a special status was accorded the survivors, official acknowledgement of the fact that they were unable to live normal lives or compete in the labour market. Though it insured free medical treatment, this special status did not carry with it a pension or other social benefits, as had been hoped.

The condition of the 'healthy' survivors is, in fact, distressing. Physically weakened, often psychologically disturbed, they belong to the lowest economic stratum in a country of subsistence living. Many are unable to do a full day's work, and must take positions at reduced wages or in the lowest paid jobs. Often they break down and are invalided for weeks at a time. Their frail health has been further undermined by the wretched living standard to which they have been condemned. One and all live in constant fear that 'the disease' will declare itself in definite form, if not in themselves, then in their offspring.

Among the numerous survivors whom I met in Hiroshima, old Fumiko Harada comes to mind as a typical A-bomb victim. I say 'old', yet Mrs Harada is only 40, and 13 years ago was a handsome woman married to a prosperous merchant. She lives with her niece, recently stricken with the disease, in a shack made of tin cans and roofed by planks. Mrs Harada gets up at four in the morning and walks five miles on her badly swollen legs to the outlying point where road work is in progress. (The municipality has made a point of employing survivors for city reconstruction and enlargement.) After her day's labour she scours the shore for seaweed or clams, and the hills for edible herbs, to supplement her meagre portion of rice. The snow and the rain seep through the ramshackle roof of her cabin, so that the two women must sleep with layers of newspapers covering their faces. When Mrs Harada leaves for work, she has to hide knives and other sharp objects, for fear that her niece, in constant pain, may take the 'Hiroshima way out'.

Not only victims, but would-be parents of future victims are sometimes attracted to this way out. A large number of abnormal and mentally retarded children attest to the genetic hazards of radiation; and lately, presumably reliable statistics have been issued by the Imperial Japanese Atom-research Institute, covering births in Hiroshima and Nagasaki since August 1945. Of 32,000 children born in Hiroshima, not less than 5,000 – almost one in six – were deformed or still-born. This figure includes 1,100 with skeletal deficiencies or serious muscular weaknesses; almost 100 with deformed brains or without brains altogether; almost 200 without lips, and the same number without sexual organs; 25 with one or no eyes – four lacking even eye-openings.

No wonder that the average Japanese has become almost superstitiously afraid of contracting marriage with survivors, and that there is a tendency to shun them as bearers of bad luck. (It should be remembered that keloid scars, from radiation burns, disfigure many of these people.)

How does radiation disease run its course when it has taken the typical form of leucaemia? The wife of young Fumio Nakamura will answer the question in her own words. The first of these letters is dated December, 1957:

> For about a month now Fumio has not been feeling well: dizzy spells and occasional internal pains. Yesterday I insisted on his going to the doctor, who said that his liver was in a very bad state. He must take a lot of protein (too expensive for us), not overwork and have regular rest (again impossible, for he has his job to hold). I am greatly upset. We fear that this is 'the illness', which we both have been dreading, for we were within two miles of hypocentre at time of bombing. Fumio *must* live! Our children are so young.

Her next letter began with a cry of anguish.

> Oh, I can't understand why so many of us survivors are dying! Yesterday there was news in the paper that there had been yet another death in the Hospital for Radiation Diseases. The symptoms are so much like my husband's! But we are lucky that he is doing fairly well at present. I am using all our savings to buy vitamin pills, and I'm sure he'll be all right soon.

The hopes of this young wife and mother were soon crushed. She wrote in her next letter:

> I am sorry that my husband is again not feeling well. He had intestinal pains, then he lost his appetite, and his stomach is so swollen that he can't sleep. He is scared of the future. But Fumio wants to say hello to you. He is going to dictate to me. 'Thank you for worrying about me' [wrote Fumio]. 'I feel so lost and weak, but I know I must live for my children. Every morning when I wake up I feel very dull all over my body, and my face and hands and feet are swollen. I feel full in my stomach because my liver is about four times that of a normal person. The doctors give me all kinds of injections, but radiation disease is a new sickness, and I can't help feeling that I'm being guinea-pigged. Perhaps laboratory tests are well done, still when it comes to treatment there seems to be something lacking.'

Something was indeed lacking. Fumio Nakamura's illness had its ups and downs; he got better, then he got worse. As the weeks and months went by his white blood count fell until it was under a thousand. He was treated with a multitude of drugs, and though he seemed to benefit from them temporarily, their side-effects were distressing. It was not long afterwards that his wife wrote the end of Fumio's story:

> The end has come to my dear husband. The last few weeks he had gripping pains in his head, where the water-blisters had spread in multiples. He suffered so greatly that he sometimes asked his nurse to kill him. His face was so swollen that he couldn't open his eyes, nor his mouth. His blisters began to dry and there were such scabs on his face that his ears and nose were blocked also. At the end he told me that he had gone crazy and should have his head examined. His pulse became very fast and the doctors said that he was within a few hours of his death. I called his friends to say goodbye, and they promised to help me as I am penniless. He answered, 'Thank you', and dropped a tear. Then he died.

Fumio Nakamura's painful death is typical of thousands since the bomb was dropped. Whether it is typical of millions to come depends perhaps on whether the death-wish has already laid hold of the human race, in which case the means for its annihilation are to hand.

EDITA MORRIS

London Diary

You remember the strange story of Hermann Field, the American architect, who was abducted by the Polish security police in Warsaw in 1949 and released without any public explanation in 1954? He told me the whole fantastic story after his release, but has not wished it published until now. During those five years he was kept in a tiny underground cellar without ever once being allowed outside. The electric bulb burnt day and night. He described to me his struggle to remain sane in solitary confinement with no relief except the many hours of interrogation. He tried hunger-striking; once he did not eat for 27 days, was forcibly fed and came near to death. He pitted his will power against theirs and found that, though they would let him die rather than release him, they would give him some privileges if that would suffice to keep him alive. He was eventually given a companion named Mierzenski, a Pole who came from an American Quaker family. The two were allowed to talk in whispers, and by the use of the hunger-strike weapon Field obtained a pencil and a regular supply of notebooks. They shared all their knowledge about everything, and eventually wrote a joint novel. Each day the notebooks were taken from them and new ones passed to them. Then, miraculously, Stalin died and Field was released. The Poles took him to a sanatorium, went on their knees to apologise for the little mistake they had made about him, and offered to make such amends as they could. He refused to be freed until the notebooks were returned to him, financial compensation paid, and Mierzenski's release also promised. Today Mierzenski is reunited with his family in Poland, and the novel they wrote has been published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company in America under the title of *Angry Harvest*.

* * *

Full reports of criminal trials are a necessary safeguard against injustice. But many of us have long protested against press reports of preliminary hearings which, by necessarily one-sided accusations, only establish an a priori case. How can a prisoner expect justice from a jury which is already shocked by the details of a murder and, as the result of press reports, already got into the habit of identifying his name with it? How right Lord Birkenhead was when he spoke of the difficulty of persuading a jury to distinguish between their horror of the crime and the guilt of the man in the dock! Most sensible papers have this week supported the findings of the Tucker Committee which would end this anomaly. Strangely *The Times* finds the Committee's simple plan for publishing only the identifying details of each case in the earlier stages 'a cumbersome recommendation, the practical working out of which would by no means be easy'. What on earth is *The Times* talking about? What could be easier than picking out the prisoner's name, the charge, and the Court's decision? Still, the Committee itself doesn't seem to have searched very far – in the *Law Reports*, for instance – for evidence that juries are affected by reports of magisterial proceedings. The Wallace case is a good example. The House of Lords held that there was simply no evidence on which the jurors could have based their verdict of guilty. Who can doubt that they convicted him on what they had read in the papers during the magisterial hearings? Rouse's case was similarly prejudiced – by evidence that was never even put in at his trial. It has always seemed to me that once this question was examined by

any group of informed citizens with no axes to grind, the changes now proposed would be inevitable. Mr Justice Devlin precipitated it by his summary in the Bodkin Adams case.

* * *

It must have been a wonderful scene in the Labour National Executive when Jean Mann struck a blow for the Scottish equivalent of Harry, England and St George and woke up to find she had resigned. Having heard her in action in the House – slow and deliberate of speech, with a homeliness of mind that occasionally gives painful birth to wit – I can imagine it all: a peaceful Executive droning its way safely to the end of a long agenda and suddenly finding itself with a crisis on its hands about, of all things, the appointment of a Scottish woman organiser. Was Jean a martyr to duty or merely 'creating'? Unkind voices can be heard suggesting that she deliberately manœuvred herself into resignation because she knew that the trade unions were not, in any case, going to re-elect her to the Women's Section of the NEC this year. Personally, I suspect she muddled her way into resignation by mistake – the penalty she paid for getting carried away by personal feelings about some of her women colleagues. Certainly, if she wanted to refer back the short list of applicants, she seems to have gone a strange way about it. Members of the NEC who were prepared to agree that the short list was far from exciting were, I gather, nauseated into accepting it by her involved innuendoes about favouritism among her colleagues who drew it up. One trade unionist, after listening to her patiently for some time, was heard to remark that he was sorry for any woman who had to be appointed by women! But the ironical thing is that, by sweeping off the Executive, Jean has swept Jennie Lee on to it as runner-up, thus forestalling carefully laid plans to groom Bessie Braddock for the next vacancy. And so the wheel comes full circle. Bessie, thrown off the Executive by the unions in 1948 as a militant left-winger, and having meanwhile served her apprenticeship of anti-Bevanism, is now being urged by Hugh Gaitskell to run again in order to keep out the newer contestants from the left, Jennie Lee and Lena Jeger. What will happen to this plan now remains to be seen. Jean Mann was hand-picked by Arthur Deakin in 1953; whether Frank Cousins will be willing to make a star of Bessie is a different matter.

* * *

I was sorry to read of the death of the Soviet story-teller, Zoshchenko. This journal published many of his stories over the years between 1932 and 1947. Some were translated into English by Ivor Montagu, and others by Elisaveta Fen. The story we reprint this week appeared in this journal on 28 February 1942. Rereading it, I see why he got into trouble. For years he got away with publishing stories with a critical bite to them. They laughed at Soviet bureaucracy and were satirical about the Russian way of life. Methuens published two volumes of his stories: under the titles of *The Woman Who Could Not Read* (1940) and *The Wonderful Day* (1942).

* * *

In last Monday's *Daily Mirror* Cassandra paid a warm tribute to Paul Robeson's 'humanity and charm' as well as to his powers as an actor and a singer. He then wrote 'how he ever became involved with the squalor and cruelty of the Communist doctrine is beyond me'. The answer is simple. Paul used to talk freely about it to me before the war. His passionate concern for the African people drove him to revolt, and in the Soviet Union he found for the first time a country where coloured people were treated as equals. With him this outweighed all criticisms that might be made of Russia, and made Communism seem the road to African emancipation. This seemed a natural deduction in the Thirties, but other Negro leaders in the United States believe, as I do, that he has allowed himself to be exploited by the American Communist Party, and that he would have done far more for Negro emancipation had he lent his name to one of the disinterested organisations which work for the cause which he has next at heart.

* * *

A solicitor friend arrived at London Airport the other day from San Francisco with luggage which contained a dozen L.P. gramophone records. Among them was one called *Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads*, bought in a San Francisco shop, obtainable anywhere in the US; it proclaimed its contents on a shiny, luxurious record sleeve. It is a collection of Elizabethan 'bawdies', got together with great industry (and with the help of the British Museum), and sung rather like hill-billies to a guitar accompaniment; you might hear almost any of them in a smart London revue, but you would not, I suppose, play them to an audience of Customs men unless you were setting out to lower the tone of the Service. 'I'm afraid I'll have to detain this,' said the Customs man. But why? Was it on some kind of forbidden list? No, but it would have to be played through to see if it ought to be. 'Pity I shan't be able to hear it myself,' said the Customs man more than once (the seat of judgment was a little higher up). My friend protested vigorously but in vain. 'When do I get it back, if at all?' 'No idea, sir; might be weeks, might be months.' In the event, it was days. He wrote a 'snorter' to the Customs H.Q. at the airport, and it crossed with a letter saying that 'your gramophone record entitled *Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads* may now be released to you', and that he could either call for it or take his chance on how it fared in the post. Then his letter arrived. Promptly a special messenger brought the record to his London office; and there the immediate story ends. But it takes its place, I suppose, in the long saga about officialdom's fruitless struggles to prop up its barrier between what we may read and what we may shout and sing.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

He said that the school had managed to maintain a good standard. Few boys left the school unable to read or write. 'In this age of television,' he said, 'this is no mean achievement.'—*Brentford & Chiswick Times.* (J. E. Reddick.)

Known as 'Twinks' to his friends, he possesses a great sense of humour. He once made his wife stand with an apple on her head at a Government House *fête* and encouraged an Indian schoolgirl to do a William Tell act with a bow and arrow.—*News Chronicle.* (Mrs M. A. Goldring.)

Said Mr Brooks: 'It's costing me about £100 a term to educate my three little girls. They don't learn anything more than they would elsewhere, but they call a lavatory a lavatory instead of a toilet.'—From an interview in the *Nottingham Evening Post.* (C. M. Lifetree.)

Later, Mr. Curtis said he had had it in mind to suggest to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that there should be a tax on advertising. 'But I learned that that was a Socialist policy, so I have not pressed it.'—*Grocers Gazette.* (Lance Brown.)

Motivation

You who pack your bags for the United Nations,
Did you ever read *The Hidden Persuaders*
Or consider depth motivations?
Guess you all figure you're crusaders,
Scrapping about principles and ideologies
And things boys talk about in colleges. . . .

I'm using motivation analysis
On *you*, to begin with, Big Brother.
Seems that back of your malice is
Some sort of tie-up with Mother. . . .
Come off it, Krushchev – or, rather,
Don't play that John Foster's your father.

And *you* (custom-built by the power
Of symbol-manipulators, creating
A Republican effigy) – for *you*, Eisenhower,
In spite of brand-loyalty there is waiting
No purchase of immortality, but the presence
Of Nixon and psychological obsolescence.

In *you*, Stuffed Shirt Mac, with your blinkers,
Conspicuous reserve and antique antics,
Any team of professional head-shrinkers
Or the whiskers who study Semantics
Would find not a thought which perplexes
Your gaggle of conditioned reflexes.

You will meet – aggressive and theatrical.
Algolagnia's on the agenda,
With de Gaulle (the whole show's geriatrical)
And some paranoid types for addenda –
What Solon of what Ruritania
Can puncture massed megalomania?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Revolt in Indonesia

FEW people who read of General Claire Chennault's death this week will know that his planes were let out to do occasional bombing operations in the Pacific. On the day I arrived in Djakarta (towards the end of May), all the newspapers carried headlines describing the capture of one of Chennault's men, Allen Lawrence Pope of Miami, Florida, who admitted to earning 10,000 dollars a month to bomb towns and harbours in east Indonesia on behalf of the rebels. When his B-26 bomber was shot down, his parachute got entangled on a coconut tree, and he landed on a coral reef where the Indonesian army captured him. It is easy for President Eisenhower and Mr Dulles to refer to Pope and others as 'soldiers of fortune'. The fact is that these Americans, based on Formosa and making use of the Clark Airfield in the Philippines, have killed many Indonesians in the past four months, prolonging a rebellion which could not have been sustained without their assistance.

I found army Chief-of-Staff Major General A. H. Nasution sure that one of the reasons why the rebel leaders in Sumatra and Sulawesi had decided to turn their economic campaign against the government into military action was the assistance they expected from the Americans. At the end of a long talk with him I asked what was the large decorative picture hanging on the wall behind him. It was the whole Koran, he told me, minutely and beautifully inscribed on one sheet. The Egyptian Chief of Staff had presented it to him. Nasution is a devot Muslim and unequivocally anti-Communist. Indeed, the present government is largely anti-Communist, and Presi-

dent Sukarno insists that his 'guided democracy' has nothing to do with Communism. The issue in Indonesia is, in fact, not 'Communism' but 'colonialism'.

The western world has not yet realised how easily the rebellion in Indonesia could have developed into a war between the two great power blocs. Last January, rebel leaders in Sumatra and Sulawesi held a private conference in central Sumatra. Most people, incidentally, agree that the rebels had a real grievance against the over-centralisation of Djakarta and the undue emphasis given to Java within the Indonesian government. The rebel leaders decided to issue a five-day ultimatum to the government on 10 February and to announce a rival 'government' with Sjarifuddin as its leader. They demanded a central government with Dr Hatta and the Sultan of Djogjakarta, though Hatta had made it quite clear that he would have nothing to do with such an ultimatum and the Sultan announced that his name had been used without any reference to himself. The government in Djakarta acted promptly, rejected the demands, and dismissed dishonourably the army officers involved in this movement to overthrow the government.

But the ultimatum found favour in one quarter. Mr Dulles, questioned at a press conference, admitted: 'We would like to see in Indonesia a government which is constitutional and which reflects the real interests and desires of the people of Indonesia. As you know, there is a kind of "guided democracy" there now, which is an evolution which may not quite conform with the provisional constitution and apparently does not entirely satisfy large segments of the population'. The Indonesian press at once described Mr Dulles as supporting the rebels' demands; and from then onwards not only did Indonesians believe that in some way America was behind the rebels, but Moscow and Peking radio never ceased to link America officially with the rebellion.

President Sukarno, who had been abroad on a political rest-cure, arrived back in Djakarta a few hours before the ultimatum expired. Hatta believed that an act of real statesmanship could even then avoid military action; but President Sukarno, under pressure of the National Council, the Cabinet and public opinion, decided otherwise. On 21 February, he broadcast to the nation and the Prime Minister, Djuanda, made a statement in Parliament implying military action. A few hours later two bombers strafed a bridge in Sumatra and destroyed the rebel broadcasting stations in central Sumatra and Sulawesi. General Nasution, addressing nearly a thousand officers of the three services attached to the Djakarta garrison, put the government case, explaining that the Sumatrans were guilty of delivering an ultimatum to the head of state and the government; of collaborating with Darul Islam and foreign military elements; of setting up another government; of applying economic tactics to prevent the revenues going to the central government; of making attempts to purchase arms abroad; and of seeking recognition of the illegal government by foreign powers.

The risk of foreign intervention was often stressed. The much-respected Principal of the University Dr Bahdur Johan (a Sumatran), who asked to be put on the inactive list as a protest against the government's military action, told his students: 'We now know that a foreign force has started exploiting the upheavals. The aim is to turn us back from an independent foreign policy to one of power blocs'. President Sukarno told the Republican Student Army that he discovered whilst abroad that certain foreign powers were trying to drag Indonesia away from her actively independent policy. And Dr Hatta added his own warning to students in Djogjakarta that the important thing was 'to prevent the regional problem from being exploited by foreign elements'. Hatta's role at this point was extremely important. Had he given any support to the rebels, Indonesia would have been torn in two, both power blocs would have become involved and Indonesia could scarcely have escaed becoming another Korea.

When the government troops landed in Central Sumatra on 10 March, they met with practically no resistance. It soon became clear that the rebellion had no popular support. Some American correspondents – friends of the rebels – spread the wildest rumours: Russia was supposed to be sending jet planes through Egypt; the Russian embassy was supposed to have greatly enlarged its staff with disguised technicians; strange Russians had landed and disappeared in Bandung; Bandung itself was reported to have been bombed and even the misty figure of an old revolutionary, Semaun, who had returned home last year to Djakarta, following a 25-year exile in Moscow, was introduced to complete the 'Communist' picture. Peking and Moscow wireless were equally vindictive about Dulles, who, they repeated, was intervening in Indonesia, while American arms were said to be pouring into the rebel camps.

The situation at this point was explosive. The American chargé d'Affaires suggested to Foreign Minister Subandrio that the Seventh Fleet should be called in to protect the lives of the Americans working for Caltex on the oil-fields of central Sumatra. 'Stay out,' Subandrio said, with emphasis unusual in diplomatic circles. American intervention, he emphasised, would not serve US interests but would invite other intervention. He was determined that Indonesia should not be made a battleground between the two power blocs. As for the oil firms, they stopped working for two weeks, but there was clearly no need to evacuate anyone.

Shortly after government troops had occupied most of the important places in the area of the oil firms, Seato met in Manila. Mr Dulles wanted Indonesia to be a main item on the agenda. Had the Seventh Fleet been allowed to sail into Sumatra under cover of protecting the oil workers, Mr Dulles might have had his way. The rebel radio stations had, in fact, appealed to Seato and even suggested sending a representative. Meanwhile the Communist world made Indonesia the centre of their anti-Seato campaign, suggesting that the main target of the imperialists was to find some means of supporting the rebels.

By the time the Seato conference ended, the rebellion in Sumatra was under control. It had had no popular support. Government troops were involved only in what would be described as large-scale police operations. But the situation became much more serious with the extension of the rebellion in North Sulawesi. The people here had had longer to prepare, and a tradition of fighting existed in this area from Dutch times. The government's lines of communications were difficult. The rebels, on the other hand, had convenient bases of supplies in Formosa and Clark Airfield, in the Philippines was regularly used. They had used Singapore as a propaganda base and trading centre, and even refuelled planes there. Prime Minister Djuanda now attacked these countries which were helping the rebels; he spoke of 'proof' that American weapons and planes had been sent into North Sulawesi from Formosa and warned America of the disastrous effects that this arms smuggling would have on the relations between the two countries. The gravity of this warning was underlined by the Chinese and Soviet governments which stated: 'The United States must immediately stop its interference in the internal affairs of Indonesia or else bear full responsibility for all consequences.'

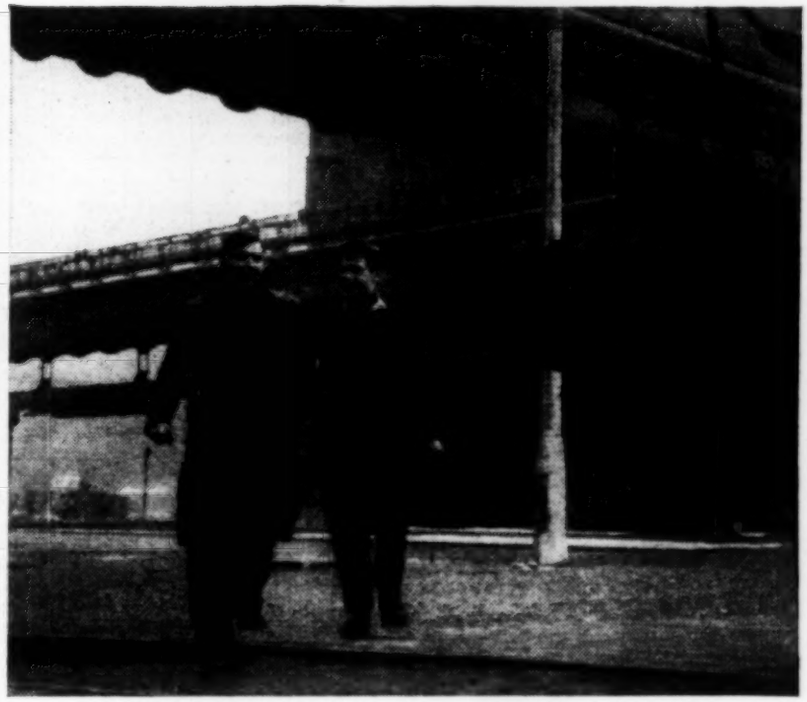
The Bandung powers expressed solidarity with the Indonesian government, and President Sukarno asked the United States to make a re-appraisal of the situation. He added that he had gone back on nothing he had told the American people on his visit to the US in 1956, that his guided democracy had nothing to do with Communism; that, although at a wink from him dozens of aircraft would come to help him crush the rebellion, he was determined to do it alone and maintains Indonesia's independence of policy. Finally, when the Foreign Minister Subandrio warned the American Ambassador that if American and Formosan aircraft continued to raid east Indonesia, he would bring the matter before the UN, signs appeared of a change in American policy. On 20 May, Mr Dulles told the press that the 'civil war' in Indonesia should be settled by the Indonesians without any help from outside; and almost simultaneously the State Department granted export licences for about half a million dollars' worth of equipment for the police. Shortly afterwards, Mr Dulles described Sukarno as 'a great and intelligent leader'. The Foreign Minister, discussing this changed atmosphere with me, observed: 'The President hasn't changed. The government hasn't changed, and I haven't changed. We have simply adhered firmly to our policy of active independence. This is our answer to intervention – from any quarter.'

The rebellion is not yet over. In Sumatra, most of the area held by the rebels is now settling down to what Djakarta calls a 'normalisation process', but there is still occasional guerrilla resistance in central Sumatra and a good deal of post-rebellion bitterness on both sides. In Sulawesi, the government troops now hold most of the towns and harbours, though American pilots still fly in arms from Formosa, the Philippine islands are still used as rebel bases, and unidentified aircraft continue to bomb defenceless towns.

Still, the government has won a military victory. Has the moment not arrived, when some imaginative gesture from the government could lead the way back to the conference table? The problem of provincial autonomy still remains to be solved. Indonesia is facing a very serious economic crisis and now commands a negligible amount of foreign exchange. The Prime Minister, one of the handful of experienced economists in Indonesia, told me he expected to have loans from both power blocs and a considerable sum from Japanese reparations, plus, of course, the continued aid in technical training from the Colombo Plan. Djuanda is very able, a man of unquestioned integrity; and, as an Independent, he is outside the personalities which bedevil political life. He was intensely aware of the causes underlying the rebellion, and spoke to me about the genuine desires of people in the regions to attain a large measure of autonomy, a sound equilibrium between Djakarta and the regions, the need for foreign exchange allocations to the regions, decentralisation of foreign exchange allocations to the regions, and decentralisation of foreign trade.

Indonesia has become a nation, with a national consciousness that has survived the rebellion in Sumatra and North Sulawesi. In many fields – especially in education and health – tremendous advances have been made in this young republic. In the economic field she has at last freed herself from the hold of the Dutch monopolies. She needs to bring an end to the rebellion and to settle down to the development of a viable economy.

DOROTHY WOODMAN



Five members of the McCrory family work in Consett, a steel town fifteen miles from Newcastle, and a thousand feet up in the windy moors. Here you see two of them, John (left) and Tony going on shift.

Two thousand families make this a family business

By Trevor Philpott, Sunday Times reporter. Pictures by David Moore.

"CONSETT," the blast-furnaceman said over a pint in the Wheatsheaf, "is the 'plate-ends.' Further on there's nothing. Only the moors."

The stranger from the softer South is bound to be asking himself at first, "What makes people live here, fifteen steep miles from Newcastle, a thousand feet up on this windy hillside? What makes them stay? And if they leave, why do they nearly always come back?"

For that is what happens. Once a Consett man, they say, always a Consett man.

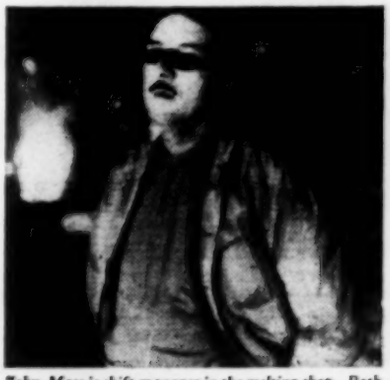
The town has grown up with steel. In 1840, when the sheep were still grazing over these hills, over the finest coking coal for hundreds of miles, Consett was a village of 195 souls. Now it has over seven thousand workers, and a production target of a million tons for 1958: steel plates four inches thick for atomic reactor shells, steel for the walls of supersonic wind tunnels, steel for railway wagons, boilers, bedplates, storage tanks; steel, above all, for the busy shipyards of the North-East coast.

Consett and its Iron Company have grown and prospered together. Grandfather, father, son and grandson, feel they have places there; so do uncles and cousins, daughters and daughters-in-law. It is a family business. And over two thousand families are in it.

The McCrory family is one of them. Tony, a sixteen-year-old boy labourer, stood on one of the steel plates and tried to remember how many relatives he had in the steelworks. "Do you mean all of them? Well there's Dad, up the Blast. And my brothers, Hughie on the Bessemer, Herbert in the fitting shop, John driving a crane, not counting Jimmy who's called up now, but will soon be back in the New Mill. Then I've got cousins and brothers-in-law, uncles – well, there were sixteen in my family you know, not counting Dad and Mam."

"I'D BE LOST"

John Moss, shift manager in the melting shop, stood beside one of his open-hearth furnaces and said with quiet pride, "Ay. It's a good job I've got and everybody here knows I worked hard enough to get it: progressively labourer, fourth hand, third hand, second hand . . . all the way through. Nobody's envious, everybody knows me. I'd be lost if I had to leave Consett. Dad was a first-hand melter here. Old George Moss, my grandfather, used to work on the furnaces when they fed 'em with hand charges, twenty-five tons at a time pushed in through the front door. Now we've got 150-ton furnaces and electrically-controlled casting cars and we get 20,000 tons a week."



John Moss is shift manager in the melting shop. Both his father and his grandfather worked for Consett.

NOBODY LONELY

In the plate mill, Kenneth Hambleton was acting as assistant foreman. "My father worked the shears in this mill. And my grandfather worked here too. I've got six brothers and two sisters in the works, and Lord knows how many uncles and cousins."

"There's not a lonely person in Consett," said Hedley White, the shift foreman. "I've been lonely in the middle of London, but never here. In a big works like this, growing so fast, there's a job for every kind of chap. Some go away for experience and a few have itchy feet for a while, but they all seem to settle here eventually. On this shift I've got chaps who've been brought here by the local girls. The girls don't like going away either."

In the choirs, the sports teams, the dramatic groups, the young folks' and old folks' clubs that thrive in this isolated town, the people can play, as they work, amongst friends with whom the ties are generations strong. "And before you go," Hedley White went on, "take a look at some of the country around here . . . within a few minutes' walk of the works. We've got some jolly good cricketers and golfers amongst our lads – you'll see why."

The cricket ground, levelled out of the hillside and, still higher, the golf course, hung like two fantastic verandahs looking over one of the loveliest valleys in Britain. Beyond it, the hills are heaped faintly on the horizon all the way to the border.

Hidden on the other flank of the same hill are the tangled silhouettes of a steelworks, growing still, which provides this exposed working town with a security and warmth which many a spa and showplace will never have.

This personal report was invited by the British Iron & Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about steel and the men who make it.

Hedley White, shift foreman, says "I've been lonely in the middle of London, but never here in Consett".

Power-Drunk

I WOULD like to tell you a story about a certain police officer. A very interesting person.

I am sorry I don't remember in what town this remarkable person lives. I recollect reading a little note about him in a Kharkov newspaper. As for the name of his native town, I've completely forgotten it. I've got a bad memory.

In any case, it is not as important as all that. The citizens of that town should themselves keep a register of their heroes. They might remember his name, which was Drojkin.

So it happened in a small town, somewhere in the provinces. On a Sunday.

Picture to yourself springtime, and the bright sunlight playing on everything. Nature, so to speak, waking up. The grass beginning to turn green, and so on and so forth.

The townsmen, of course, all turned out into the streets. Wearing down the pavement, taking walks up and down the town.

And in the midst of the townsfolk the assistant chief of the local police, Comrade Drojkin, in person, was also taking a walk. He was out for a walk with his spouse. She was wearing a charming *toilette* made of cotton print, with a hat, an umbrella and goloshes.

They strolled along just as if they were ordinary mortals, as if they did not mind being in the midst of ordinary folk. They were walking along the common pavement arm-in-arm.

Thus they reached the corner of the former Treasury Street. Suddenly they stopped. Right along the pavement reserved for the use of humans was walking a pig. A fairly large pig it was, weighing perhaps 14 or 15 stone.

Lord alone knows how he'd got there. The fact was that he had got there, and was obviously upsetting public order.

And on the top of all this, Comrade Drojkin, too, happened to be there with his spouse.

Goodness gracious! What if Comrade Drojkin doesn't like looking at a pig? Maybe he would prefer to look at some much more exalted aspect of nature in his hours off duty? And here was a pig! What careless behaviour on the pig's part, one might say! And who was guilty of letting such a monster wander abroad? An unthinkable carelessness!

As for Comrade Drojkin, he was a hot-headed man. He grew angry at once.

'Whose pig is this?' he shouted. 'Be so kind as to liquidate it immediately!'

The passers-by, naturally, were taken aback. They just stood and said nothing.

'The sort of things that go on in broad daylight!' the assistant police chief said. 'Pigs push the passers-by off the pavement! A man can hardly step without bumping into a pig! I'll put a bullet through him straight away!'

And as he said this, Comrade Drojkin whipped out his revolver. Of course, there was some agitation and embarrassment among the local inhabitants. Some of the more experienced passers-by, who had been in the military service, sprang hastily aside, so as not to be in the way of the bullet.

But as the assistant chief was about to take his aim at the pig, his wife interfered.

'Peter,' she said, 'is there any need to shoot him with a revolver? Maybe he's just going to walk under this gate.'

At that moment a small elderly woman appeared from the gate, looking for something.

'Ach,' she says, 'goodness gracious! That's where he's got to, my pig! Please, comrade officer, don't frighten him with your revolver. I'll get him away presently.'

But Comrade Drojkin lost his temper again.

'Ah,' he said, 'your pig, is it? I'll give him a good dose of lead straight away. As for you, I'll send you to the police station to teach you to let your pigs run loose in the streets.'

His wife, then, interfered again.

'Peter,' she said, 'let us go, for Heaven's sake. We'll be late for dinner.'

And in her silliness she, of course, pulled her husband by the sleeve, meaning to say 'Come along now.'

At this, the assistant police officer turned pale with anger.

'Ah,' said he, 'you dare interfere with the actions and orders of the police? You dare to pull a police officer by the sleeve? I'll have you arrested on the spot.'

And Comrade Drojkin blew his whistle to summon a policeman on point duty.

'Please take this citizeness to the police station,' he told him. 'She was interfering with the actions of the police.'

The policeman took the incautious spouse of his superior by the arm and led her away.

The spectators preserved complete silence.

How long the wife stayed at the police station and what were the consequences of the family quarrel, we do not know.

MIKHAIL ZOSHCHENKO
(*Trans. by Elisaveta Fen*)

Simone de Beauvoir

THE LONG MARCH

China today. "An intelligent book." Roger Fulford, *Evening Standard*. "Well-written and carrying lightly a heavy cargo of information." T. W. Hutton, *Birmingham Post*.
Published in association with George Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 42/-

From Blackmail to Treason

LOUIS DUCLOUX

"A fascinating study of the campaign of the French Right to overthrow the Third Republic." Paul Johnson, *Evening Standard*.
By a former chief of the French CID.
18/-

ANDRE DEUTSCH

The Poultry-Fancier's Friend

THERE is a bank topped by rough hazel hedge and ash trees between the road and the strawberry beds where I was picking what the rain and *Botrytis cinerea* had left of a crop. A sudden outcry of clucking sounded from the bushes: one of the new pullets, of a strain too strong on the wing when young to be confined by six foot of wire netting, was having hysterics on top of the bank. If I went quietly I might find where she was hiding her eggs. Then a man's voice pitched low said, 'There she is!' and there was more squawking and fluttering. I shot up the bank and peered through the bushes and said, 'Here, what are you up to?'

He was nobody I knew: a 'traveller', then, in the parish for the cherry picking; about five feet two and nearly as wide, with a huge, bland face under a checked cap. For some reason I was certain that under the cap he was as bald as an egg. The small, bright grey eyes went from my face to my shoes and back to my face. His expression was one of almost saintly candour. He said, 'Up to, guv? I'll tell you what we was *up to*, as you call it. We was trying to help a poor fowl what's hurt its leg. Weren't we, boy?'

His companion was about 17, wore a dirty blue suit and had an over-oiled duck's-arse hair-do. He did not answer, just stared at me out of hard, watchful eyes as if I might set about him with a bicycle chain at any moment. He was holding an old bicycle, leaning the bar against his hip. I said, 'Ran her over with your bicycle, I suppose'. 'That's where you're wrong, guv', the man said. 'It was a car done it. The car you heard go by. A blue car, wasn't it, boy?'

The boy opened his mouth just wide enough to say yes: his mouth wasn't the right shape for talking tough, though; a cupid's bow amidst a rash of small, angry spots. The man nodded, 'That's right, a blue car. Went over the poor bird's leg'.

As he spoke, his deep voice vibrant with pity for all living things and of revulsion from violence in any form, the pullet emerged onto the road three yards from us. She stood on one leg and looked beadily at him; cocked her head and stood on the other leg for a change. Then, in the way of her kind, became suddenly hysterical again and started trying to fly straight through a hazel bush. I looked at the man with one corner of my mouth turned down. He knew I knew he had been trying to steal the bird but it didn't worry him. As a good citizen and householder outraged, I am unconvincing. He recognised – they always do – that I, if less obviously and although not taken in *flagrante delicto*, was guilty too; or held myself so, which comes to the same thing. I wasn't the kind to call a policeman.

'A nice pullet,' he said, 'as nice a Rhode Island as ever I see. That bird,' he went on, turning to the boy, 'has got a pedigree the Queen of England herself wouldn't be ashamed of. Right, guv?'

'Wrong,' I said. 'It came out of an egg that was laid here by a hen that came out of an egg that was laid here, by a hen that . . . and they're a mixed lot.'

'There now! But it's what I've always said, nature knows a trick or two we're not on to, smart though some of us may think ourselves.'

The pullet, having jammed herself in a stout crotch of hazel, lay still. We both looked at her. I said, 'She'd be no good as a show bird. A fancier would turn her down for the white flash in her wings.'

'Good straight legs the right colour,' he said. 'And look at that beak. And the whole shape of her. As for the white wing feathers. . . .'

He looked in my face and gave a prodigious wink, touched his cap, and led his companion away down the road.

How innocent can one remain? The significance of his wink was lost on me until three days later. A friend, having heard me complain that keeping hens was dearer than buying eggs, sent me, doubtless in a helpful spirit, a book he had picked up in a junk shop, George R. Scott's *The Art of Faking Exhibition Poultry* (T. Werner Laurie; 1934). The work is subtitled *An examination of the faker's methods and processes; with some observations on their detection*. Until I read it it would not have occurred to me that there was any point in faking poultry. There are two: to win cash prizes at shows; and to sell birds at high prices for breeding purposes.

Mr Scott's object in publishing his book was not, of course, to assist the desperate characters who fake poultry, but to expose the fakers and help show judges to detect their knavish tricks. Recognising himself as among the iconoclasts, he had no illusions as to the sort of reception his revelations of delinquency among fowl-fanciers would have. But he faced his task with courage, finding himself in good company. 'Socrates,' he reminds the reader, 'was put to death: Galileo was imprisoned and threatened with torture by the Inquisition; Voltaire suffered both imprisonment and exile; Nietzsche, consistently misunderstood, suffered mental martyrdom; in more recent years Frank Harris and D. H. Lawrence were harassed and persecuted by a flock of moronic smuthounds. . . .' And, '*Vulgus*', he quotes, wryly, '*vult decipiri, ergo decipiatur*'. In case some chicken farmers may have forgotten their Latin, Mr Scott translates this in a footnote and, having thus made it quite clear that he is aware of the risk he runs and may come to the rack, the stake, or the hemlock cup, he proceeds to let the fakers' cat out of the bag. The dyeing of poultry is common practice; the passing off of hens as pullets by a cosmetic art which Helena Rubinstein herself could not match is happening all around us; nor does the insertion of false sickle feathers in the tails of cockerels present any difficulty to the hardened poultry-show racketeer. Why all these evils? The author calls upon La Rochefoucauld to explain for him: it is because, '*Le monde récompense plus souvent les apparences du mérite que le mérite même*'.

For the most part, as he reveals one after another the things which are done to repair nature's omissions in producing prize poultry, with alum, borax, cobalt nitrate, gallic acid, tincture of turmeric and even more dangerous chemicals, the author keeps his temper. But, face to face with the folly of fashion in poultry-fancying, he is carried away by generous indignation and inspired to invective which reveals a master of polemics. There is, for example, the 'pseudo-scientific Hogan cult'. Hogan, for those who do not know it, is a breed of poultry. The end of the first world war, it seems, produced, among other, doubtless lesser, evils this Hogan cult 'with its blowsy jargon; its crapulous fundament of snide anatomy; its noisy and prolific drool of whim-wham'.

People capable of such behaviour are surely hardly worth saving from the sharper men who exploit such foolishness. But then none of the great friends of truth have ever stopped to consider whether humanity is worth the efforts they make to save it. Hogan worshippers may indulge in snide anatomy and whim-wham; but, still, they must not be left to the tender mercies of the men who spend their time darkening the legs of Minorcas, Andalusians and other dark-legged breeds with a solution of eight parts of silver nitrate and one part of copper sulphate in .880 ammonia; who employ 'rouge, such as women use, and cochineal', to colour pale lobes. The sort of man, in fact, who, when feathers appear on the shanks of clean-legged breeds, does not 'smother his disappointment and make a meal of the offending specimen', like an honest breeder, but, 'with smiling nonchalance, calls to his aid a pair of fine tweezers and painstakingly extracts the stubs one by one, filling in the holes with wax'.

It would be interesting to know whether, in the decade following the publication of this epoch-making book, the incidence of detection of faked birds rose or fell. For, come to think of it, although it enabled judges to be better informed, it also enabled fakers to be more thorough. No longer would the novice faker snip the disfiguring side-sprig from an otherwise prize-specimen's comb with scissors, leaving the scar for any judge who had read Mr Scott to discover. He would remove the sprig with a knife, 'first sterilised by immersion in boiling water'. And he would go on to make a V-shaped incision, 'the edges of the flesh being drawn together and sutured with silk or fine gut'.

In fact *The Art of Faking Exhibition Poultry* suggests the possibility of a series – beginning, perhaps, with *The Art of Cheating at Cards* – published, of course, for the protection of suckers.

EDWARD HYAMS

August

Our Victorian ancestors seem to have been much concerned with hoops. As children, they bowled them. Later on—if they were of the feminine gender—they wore them. And many people spiked them into lawns and played croquet. It is seldom nowadays that one sees a child with this old-fashioned and admirable toy, but croquet is still with us though it long ago yielded to lawn tennis its position as the most popular of garden games. On the other hand, it was reported not so long ago that the hoop as an adjunct to fashion showed signs of 'coming in' again. It was, in the event, a fleeting visit; nevertheless we welcomed the information—not because our interest in dress is anything more than academic, but because it is part of the business of the Midland Bank to possess up-to-date information on all sorts of subjects which can, on request, be supplied to all sorts of people; and, so peculiar are some of the requests, it is more than likely that one of these days we shall find that we too have become much concerned with hoops.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

2,150 branches in England and Wales

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

The Arts and Entertainment

New Opera Company

THIS is the company, part student and part professional, which started life in Cambridge and reached London a year ago with highly successful productions of Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* and Benjamin's *Tale of Two Cities*. For their current two weeks' season at Sadler's Wells they have dropped the Stravinsky work but retained Benjamin's opera with some changes of cast: most notably, Amy Shuard as the fierce Madame Defarge and John Dobson as Charles Darnay. Their new offerings are a revival of Vaughan Williams's *Sir John in Love*, the first English production of Werner Egk's *The Government Inspector*, and a double bill consisting of Menotti's *The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore* and Stravinsky's *Soldier's Tale*. The company have carried out this ambitous and varied programme with solid musical competence and real theatrical flair; the one questionable feature is their musical judgment. Though Herr Egk's Gogol opera has been going the rounds of the German theatres since its première a year or so ago, it is none the less a very feeble score.

Herr Egk is a Bavarian composer, somewhat younger than Carl Orff, and like him in revolt against the excessive complexity and difficulty of modern music. But there the resemblance ends. Whether or not we are vexed by Orff's tireless repetitions, there is a kind of freshness in his ideas and of vigour and even charm in their deployment. But the threadbare poverty of musical substance in *The Government Inspector* baffles description: one felt like throwing pennies on to the stage in sympathy with the artists who had to make the best of such stuff. To be quite honest, however, they showed no sign of embarrassment, but seemed to be happily relishing the crude knockabout treatment of Gogol's satire which is the sole theatrical merit of the composer's own libretto. The opera may even prove in England, as in Germany, a popular hit: the basic situation is indestructibly funny, and the grossness of both musical and dramatic treatment will not trouble those who are ready to guffaw at each well-placed kick on the arse, or at the spoken 'Oh damn!' and 'Oh my God!' of the hero when disturbed in his amorous embraces. Offhand, I cannot think of an opera with a lower target. Leon Lovett conducted, and Alexander Young took the main role with considerable verve; there were fanciful sets by Lionel March and a production by Anthony Besch which was probably faithful to the work in sparing us nothing.

For the double bill, neither element of which is quite an opera, the company has called on the help of the Western Theatre Ballet. Menotti's 'Madrigal Opera' is a rather ingenious little fable about a poet who scandalises his conventional neighbours by taking up with three allegorical beasts in succession; these evidently symbolise three manners or styles, and by the time each has been adopted by the townspeople, the poet has moved on to the next. The action is danced and mimed, while the words are set as a series of pastiche madrigals, sung (with remarkable clarity) by a small chorus seated in the pit. As a light-hearted satire on the frivolity of the fashionable public, the piece is enjoyable, but it fails to make anything of the poet's inner world, and all three of his animals sound very much the same. It was prettily danced to the choreography of Peter Darrell and prettily decorated by Barry Kay.

I have never seen *The Soldier's Tale* before, but, so far as I could judge, Colin Graham's production and designs perfectly realised the idea of this curious entertainment, while Stravinsky's familiar music was brilliantly played, under Keith Darlington, by a seven-man jazz-type orchestra sitting in shirt-sleeves on the stage. In the very long part of the Narrator, Gordon Jackson struck precisely the right note; Job Stewart and Lee Montague were good as Soldier and Devil, and Hazel Merry, as the Princess, had a nice little snatch of near-jive. The music is, of course, infallibly stylish and tangy, if at some points rather repetitive; but, as a theatrical experience, what did the whole thing amount to? For me, so much arty sham-naive ado about nothing; I lack some necessary digestive juice which could make this sort of thing palatable.

From these sophisticated titbits the company turned with equal relish to the folksy humours, as English as can be, of *Sir John in Love*. So long as we banish all thoughts of Verdi and Boito, there is much to enjoy in this rambling comedy, especially the scene between Falstaff and Mistress Quickly, which was very well done by Eric Shilling and Brenda Scaife. Brian Priestman was the efficient conductor.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

GRANADA TV

£3000

PLAY CONTEST

The closing date is 13th September, 1958

Remember, **Granada** not only offers a prize of £3,000 for the best entry but will also buy — and produce — any other entries that it considers worthwhile.

Entries or enquiries to:

TELEVISION PLAY CONTEST

GRANADA TV NETWORK LIMITED

15 Golden Square, London, W1

Italian Diary

JUST where the Roman Campagna begins in the North to break into smaller hills, there is the most beautiful landscape that I know. The earth is the same colour as in Umbria – farther East: a dark reddish brown. And this colour is in everything. It is in the blonde grass on the hills, making them lion-coloured. It is in the tiles and it is on the walls of every house. It is on the backs and the arms of the men working on the plain. It is on the soles of the women's feet. It is as if this colour is ground to dust and sifted daily by all those who live there. It is as if it were their substitute for gold. And it is.

Is it any wonder that the Italians talk of the beauty of their country with a noticeable undertone of sadness: like a mother who talks of the intelligence of her youngest son whom the family could not afford to educate?

* * *

The Capodimonte Museum in Naples, which has just re-opened, now contains all the public art treasures of the city – the famous Titians, the Bellini *Transfiguration*, the Breughel of the Blind leading the Blind, the Riberas, and the two very important Goya portraits of Charles IV and his wife. But apart from the obvious masterpieces, the Museum has a representative collection of Italian painting from Simone Martini to Guido Reni—truly marvellously hung.

When I go through such a collection I am always struck by the force of an obvious but not sufficiently understood generalisation. What one sees is a record of how men were gradually dissociated, separated from their environment. I am not prepared to date the exact stages of this process; I would rather be platitudinous than over-simplify. The fact remains, however, that in the first rooms of such a collection one sees paintings in which men and their objects and their surroundings are presented with equal conviction, though not necessarily with equal skill; in the middle rooms men exist by themselves and dominate the canvas as actors a stage; in the last rooms they are deformed and eaten away by the darkness and unknown space that surrounds them. In the Lorenzo di Credi *Adoration of the Child*, the child lies on the ground of the landscape safe as a jewel in its setting. In the Titian *Diana*, the goddess has become the night; everything else is only the shadow she casts or the light she reflects. In the Ribera *Silenus* a group of men huddle secretly together, their limbs like flames flickering in a storm wind, and against the sky is silhouetted the head of a braying ass.

Naturally I do not make this observation for the reactionary and sentimental purpose of idealising Feudalism or even the Renaissance city state; at certain stages insecurity is the price of greater and deeper knowledge. But it can, I believe, help us to qualify some of our contemporary assumptions. For example: the birth of pure landscape is seen today as a great advance in the development of the artist's freedom; so it was, but pure landscape was only possible after men had consistently begun to feel alienated from their environment. Or again: during the last fifteen years Caravaggio, Reni and other Italian painters of the beginning of the seventeenth century have become 'masters' and have been acclaimed for their 'realism'; certainly these artists did, in a certain way, extend the scope of painting, but their appeal to Western intellectuals today depends as much on the fact that they too felt lost in a threatening and hostile world. And perhaps the most important lesson of all that we can learn from this general observation is to appreciate more fully the imaginative effort of our own twentieth-century artists who have believed in a new unity between men and their environment: that is to say the Cubists and, most outstanding of all, Fernand Léger.

* * *

Alberto Moravia has been for many years the 'president' of Italian literature. In a number of

ways he resembles Somerset Maugham. He is a natural story-teller. He is inventive. He is cold, and he fails to be a first-rate writer through a lack of heart. The major difference between them is that Moravia is of the Left. This can be seen in his anti-clericalism but in little else. To meet he is the apotheosis of the bourgeois writer. Since he is now an international figure, I asked him whether he still wrote with an Italian audience in mind. He replied that he wrote for himself purely and entirely – but then proceeded to tell me the exact figures of his sales throughout the world. (In the States he has sold 3 million copies of his books.) I also asked him what kind of vision of the future he had. He visualises a world 'technocracy'. Class divisions, he believes, are disappearing. Finally there will only be two classes: the crowd and the intellectuals. The crowd, although they will be able to read, will to all intents and purposes be illiterate. The intellectuals, who will be superstitiously worshipped by the crowd, will become increasingly specialised. When I suggested that this was a very pessimistic view, he said, Not at all: it has always been like that.

* * *

Contemporary art fashions are the same in Rome as in Paris, Tokyo, Los Angeles and London. In the Gallery of Modern Art the four Italian national-winners for the Guggenheim Prize are now on show. All four are abstract and as empty as unkept promises. But no, I am forgetting. One of them does contain a piece of cloth and a zip-fastener. These have been stuck on to the canvas to form a kind of purse with the zip as an opening. Presumably the artist's considerate idea was that, if he won, the prize money could be put into the painting and the zip closed; this would have saved secretaries, bank clerks and currency officials a great deal of trouble.

Most of the gallery was being rehung and redecorated. I was able, however, to slip behind a curtain and wander by myself through the unused rooms. What I saw was very strange. There were ladders, tools, packing cases, dead flowers, old frames, but all these were mixed up with the exhibits of a former or future exhibition of modern sculpture. And in all honesty I was unable to distinguish which was which. This piece of splintered, dried wood – was it a work entitled *Fish Form* or was it part of a rotten joist taken out by the builders? This chicken wire with rags caught on it – was it waste or was it art? Round the walls of the rooms were pieces of nineteenth-century academic sculpture – sylphs, nymphs, kissers. Some had bits of cardboard over their heads to protect them from falling plaster. Others stood side by side with modern metal works that looked like circular saws and crazy lamp-standards. The academic of one age and the academic of another, mannerism met mannerism. It was a graveyard of art, and I came away, as so often on similar occasions, sick at heart that I had anything to do with the business.

Outside I bought the latest number of *Il Contemporaneo*. In it was reproduced Delacroix's *Femmes d'Algers* and opposite it magnificent drawings by Renato Guttuso of exactly the same figures and exactly the same faces with the all important difference that they were suffering the massacres and miseries of 1958.

A few pages further on was the following poem by the late J. R. Jiménez:

Intelligence, give me
The one right name for things!
Let my word
Be the thing itself,
Made again by the spirit.

And let all those who do not know them
Go through me to things;
And let all those who have forgotten them
Go through me to things;
And let also those who love them
Go through me to things.

Intelligence, give me
The one right name for you,
For them, for me, of things.

Then I was proud again.

JOHN BERGER

Tickety-Boo?

It was a long time, so far as I was concerned, before *Merry Andrew* (at the Empire) raised its first laugh. For one thing, the scene – supposedly an English prep school run by a baronet – was heavy-laden with farce before ever the comedian appeared; this was Danny Kaye, wearing cap and gown on a bicycle and singing 'Everything's tickety-boo, tickety-boo'. Not before he had warbled a great many verses did the tail of his gown catch in the back wheel and pull him off. And *that* wasn't funny. Nor, in the part of the baronet's son, were Mr Kaye's occasional dives into Englishry, an Englishry echoed by characters and surroundings that might have been devised by a Texan after reading Dornford Yates. A policeman wore a fireman's helmet; but that wasn't supposed to tickle. Mr Kaye put on a solar topee to go archæologising in Sussex: that was. And every now and then Mr Kaye would sing scholastically about Pan or something called

SHELL
COUNTY GUIDES
Edited by John Betjeman

SHROPSHIRE . . . . . John Piper & John Betjeman
OXFORDSHIRE . . . . . John Piper
GLOUCESTERSHIRE . . . . . Anthony West & David Verey
DEVONSHIRE . . . . . Brian Watson
NORTHUMBERLAND . . . . . Thomas Sharp
HEREFORDSHIRE . . . . . David Verey
THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND . . . . . Steven Bone
POCKET PILOT FOR THE SOUTH COAST . . K. Adlard Coles
WILTSHIRE . . . . . The late Robert Byron & David Verey
NORFOLK . . . . . Wilhelmine Harrod & The Rev. C. F. L. Linnell

From all booksellers at 12/6 each
Published by Faber & Faber Ltd

'a right triangle'. Many years later (it seemed) archæology leads to the circus and he makes his entrance through the floor into the lion's den. This *is* funny; and if the film had wanted to be, it should have started here and gone on to match.

But the same fate has overtaken Mr Kaye as befell Walt Disney, Will Rogers, and a host of others. It is, I suppose, the equivalent of the 'aristocratic embrace' in politics. They become grand and bland; humour degenerates into good humour; the song in their hearts, suggesting that skies may be blue, make the unsentimental – with whom after all comedy resides – grit their teeth. Did he once startle, this comic of earlier, Mitty days, now swallowed up by the professional optimist? One wouldn't grieve or yawn over Mr Kaye if there weren't still beneath the plastic smile and the streamlined appeal, a genuine clown. He is let out, on a lead, towards the end of this very long film; by which time an overdose of ticketyboo has made it quite difficult to laugh. And to think that last week I was lukewarm about *Vive Monsieur Blaireau*, a masterpiece by comparison, and Louis de Funes, a clown who *is* a clown!

No Time for Sergeants (at Warner's) comes through the popular processing of best seller and stage hit, but manages to make us laugh at the kind of army life that has since found its way down to TV serials. Its hero is a big mutt whose happy innocence makes him the only Permanent Latrine Orderly the army has ever known. There is a sad sergeant, who dreams of army life as a pool never to be disturbed. The captain has mad fancies, and the high-ups – when we come to them – are also men devoted to *laissez faire*. In fact, the characters are fresh, the situations funny, the jokes relentless. My chief complaint is that a cracking pace has to be kept up, and even with the leisurely skill of Andy Griffith in the chief part (he will be remembered as the nation-wide singer of *A Face in the Crowd*), it's a bit of a strain. Two hours of farce without a break! However, I would far rather this close-packed fun than the meagre rations of *Merry Andrew*; and good acting and direction (by Mervyn LeRoy) make the most of every second.

Old-fashioned melodrama that shows us what Hemingway might have been if he had lived in Earl's Court and written for *Peg's Paper* brings us *Harry Black*, at the Carlton. A one-legged hunter (Stewart Granger) is after a man-eating tiger, who strolls into an Indian village at midday to snatch a woman. The Englishman has more scruples; his best friend's wife causes him many a stir and a sleepless night, but in the end she is let go. Meanwhile, he has to miss the tiger once or twice so as to steer him into the dark cave, where he can face him with a gun in one hand and an electric torch in the other. The hunting details aren't always convincing. Mr Granger claps his hands over the barrel ends of his gun when he gets to chance, and the tiger supposed to be lying up wounded looks grossly at ease. Splendid brute, though; and that's a fine moment when he's shot and instantly skinned, to begin his long trek to a hearth in the Cromwell Road.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

They Who Must Decrease

In America, reports *Time*, sound-radio is enjoying a 'spectacular comeback'; latest figures of 'listenership' show it 'up 8 per cent. over last year, 25 per cent. over its pre-TV peak in 1947'. This is largely due to the development of local stations, 'thriving, on the patronage of local stores, restaurants and services', which 'blare forth a starless mishmash of hip music, skimmed news and honey-voiced disk jockeys' ('deejays' for short). It is only on TV that the networks flourish.

In Britain, for geographical and other reasons, such a development is hardly possible, though 'starless mishmash' and 'skimmed news' are a fair description of 'the Light' for several hours of each morning and afternoon. But, at least while television is limited to the later hours and for people who have other things to do than sit viewing – driving cars, cleaning rooms, writing about TV and radio – radio remains indispensable. (It is also still much more of an institution, with its own comfortingly familiar rituals: the TV weather forecasters seem brash and chatty upstarts – they sometimes look half-apologetic or even *smile* – compared with the announcers who utter impersonally such superb and sombre locutions as 'a shallow depression centred near Cork . . . will amalgamate with another depression. . .'.)

Meanwhile, the BBC publicity department does its best to keep up the morale of sound-radio by issuing to the press such barrel-scraped crumbs as its latest statistical discovery – that people *without TV sets* listened 'for an average of just under 6½ hours a week between 6 p.m. and 11 p.m.' in this year's April-June quarter, compared with 'just under six hours' in the same quarter last year. This is headlined with a brave smile, 'RADIO FAITHFULS LISTEN MORE'.

Then the smile trembles and dissolves. Honesty compels the admission that, between the two quarters cited, 'this "sound-only" public shrank from 17,100,000, excluding children, to 14,000,000 (a decrease of 17 per cent.)'; while the total number of viewers, excluding children (if only, often, we could!), rose from 19,600,000 to 22,900,000. Radio, as I say, remains indispensable for some purposes; and for certain types of programme, including some of artistic importance (*Under Milk Wood*, *The Ballad of John Axon*), most concerts, and such delightful trivia as *These Foolish Things* (in which a panel of eminents indulge in reminiscences suggested to them by specific sounds), radio will always be positively preferable to TV. (There are also the not inconsiderable minorities of blind, prisoners, and sick people for whom TV is impracticable.) But in the next few years radio will surely do less and less of the sort of programme that TV can do as well or better – variety, most plays, and general-knowledge quizzes (half the fun of which, if they are fun at all and not merely ghastly, is in watching the contestants' faces); and this cutting-down of radio may coincide conveniently with the need to spend more money on TV – especially if the BBC should win, even partially, the Third Channel battle.

TV ought, however, to make some decent pretence of earning its victory. Apart from sport – much of which has, by sheer repetitive volume, become boring, in recent weeks, to far more people, surely, than the programme-planners suppose – I can recall no summer since I have been viewing in which the general level of the programmes has sunk so low. It is painful to watch such able actors as Donald Sinden making puerile parts plausible in such utter trash as Edgar Wallace's *The Frog* (which must been quite an expensive production).

As a crime thriller, the newish ITV series, *Dial 999*, is preferable to *The Frog*: it does at least feel as if it were taking place in the '50s. But it is too obviously made for dollar-export: there are laboured explanations of London and the quaint customs and language of its people ('"beak" – that's the magistrate' and '£75,000 – that's over $200,000"); and the visiting transatlantic detective (Robert Beatty) has the smart ideas which the Yard men are too obtuse to think of. In the last episode of *Dial 999*, there was an escape from Bow Street which seemed too far fetched to be convincing. Then, next day, came the news of an apparently almost identical escape from custody elsewhere. It's going to be pretty awful if life starts copying television.

There have been some flashes of gold in the mud – the BBC's series of documentaries, especially *Night in the City;* the excellent old films; and G. W. Stonier's 'atmospheric' thriller, *The House Opposite*. This first TV play by my distinguished colleague showed, by its tautness and economy of means, a proper respect for the medium: almost all of it took place in a small bedroom overlooking the scene of a murder. In such a case, much depends on the acting. It was of high quality: Jessica Dunning revealed gradually the neurotic instability of the central figure, and Alan Webb

WOMEN are the fascinating subject of our August Special Number

WOMEN as wives & mothers, as daughters or dons

WOMEN as wage-earners—in the newest (and the oldest) professions

WOMEN in literature and in life

WOMEN in the **Twentieth Century**

26 BLOOMSBURY WAY, LONDON, WC1 2S 6D

BRIGHTON

loves latecomers

SUNNY, hospitable Brighton welcomes later holiday-makers with warmth and gaiety, bright shows, shops and sports, and plenty of first-class hotels. Wonderful town, wonderful air, a wonderful holiday centre (only one hour from London).

6d. P.O. for Guide and Hotel List from G. H. Johnson, Information Centre, Brighton.

was brilliantly querulous as the invalid father nagging her to the frustrated despair in which she had fallen for and sheltered the slimy wife-murderer from over the way.

TOM DRIBERG

Shakespeare on Records

THE recording of every Shakespeare play, complete and uncut, is a remarkable project, and the issue of the first three plays (*Othello* and *Troilus and Cressida*, £8 6s. 10d. each, and *As You Like It*, at £6 5s. 3½d.) promises that it will be a remarkable achievement. We owe the venture to the British Council, The Cambridge University Press, The Marlowe Society of Cambridge, and Mr George Rylands; the records are made by the Argo Record Company. After listening to the records (which are mechanically excellent), one asks oneself two questions: what is their purpose and what is the quality of the achievement? The purpose is obviously in the main educational, and educational both in the narrow and the broadest sense. The plays of Shakespeare are studied in schools and universities, not merely in London, Manchester and Edinburgh, but also all over the world from Tokyo and Karachi and Delhi to Timbuctoo. Millions of these people, teachers and pupils, will never see a play acted and have never heard English, let alone a line of Shakespeare, spoken. We tend to forget even in England that, after all, the plays really are meant to be spoken. We go to the theatre to *see*, not to *hear*, a play, and 'By God, Sir,' the managers and actors seem to say to us, 'we are going to make you look at, not listen to, these emasculated versions of what was once *Hamlet* or *As You Like It*'. Some people in their youth belonged to an undergraduate 'Reading Society' and probably read aloud a few complete plays – apart from this no-one ever sees or hears a complete, uncut play of Shakespeare. The listener to these records, whether he is seeking instruction or just pleasure, or perhaps even both, can now hear a complete play spoken.

It is from this point of view, from what in fact the records offer and their begetters presumably intended to offer, that the achievement must be judged. Here there is no substitute for the theatre and the acted play; here you must be content to hear the play without seeing your favourite actor or actress or the sets and decor and curtains and dresses and the struttings and the 'inexplicable dumb-shows'. And this immediately raises the crucial question: How should the words be spoken? Mr Rylands's answer is clear; in Cambridge and on a wider stage he has for long been a protagonist of audible and articulate speech in the theatre. So too on these records his object has been to get his men and women to speak the words so that their meaning is instantly clear to the listener and so that the values and rhythms of both prose and poetry are audible. The trouble, of course, is that the plays are 'dramatic' and that the English theatre in between three and four hundred years of existence has established a cast-iron tradition of what is dramatic and how it should be vocally interpreted. The professional actor is taught, by the weight of this tradition, to mistrust for dramatic purposes the meaning of the words, the mistrust being for the most part unconscious. Emotion – and the dramatic is assumed to be purely emotional, never, as in Sophocles or Euripides, intellectual – is conveyed to the audience, not by the words, but by sighs, shrieks, ravings, roarings, noise, and noises such as in real life we never hear from the most emotional people under the most tragic circumstances. The deep, disastrous effect of this mystique can be heard any day in a play, the dramatisation of a book, or even the reading of poetry or dramatic prose by the BBC. The theory seems to be that, since we cannot see the actor's 'inexplicable dumb-shows', his noise must be doubled, and everyone therefore tears every passion to tatters, to very rags.

Shakespeare himself, as we know, in *Hamlet* went out of his way, so far as the play itself is concerned, to express his contempt for this method of speaking poetry, interpreting emotion, and conveying to the audience the author's meaning. On these records Mr Rylands's anonymous troupe of members of the Cambridge Marlowe Society in the main do faithfully attempt to speak their parts according to the directions which Hamlet gave to his Players. Occasionally the emotion is too emotional, the anger too angry, and the noise too noisy in *Othello*, but taken as a whole the records provide an admirable spoken version of the three plays. The plays are not read, but are spoken. You have here, therefore, something in between a reading and an acting of the plays. The less dramatic parts necessarily become even more undramatic and slower than upon the stage, for instance the opening scenes of *Othello*. On the other hand, the last tragic scenes of *Othello* are much more moving than we have ever seen them on a stage; the lightness, poetry, sparkle, fun, and wit of *As You Like It* come through admirably; and the great debate in Act I, Scene 3, of *Troilus and Cressida*, which might well be rather daunting, is in fact magnificent. The truth is that it is both enjoyable and educational to listen to the actual words – their meaning, poetry, wit, humour, drama – of Shakespeare's plays; for on these records the words are allowed to show us that Shakespeare was after all a master.

LEONARD WOOLF

'Dear Augustine', at the Royal Court

The last of the Royal Court repertory season is the Leatherhead company presenting a new play by Alison Macleod. It is a slice of boarding-house life, date 1947, place Notting Hill. Trudi, who runs the house, is a warm-hearted German Jewess, and her lodgers are a very varied assortment, ranging from an English girl with a baby and no husband, through several shades of refugee to a brown gentleman with a charming comic style and no wish to work. Each of the numerous lodgers has his or her problem, economic or amorous or both together.

Potentially this group is a good deal more interesting than such stage assortments commonly are, and Miss Macleod knows the kind of anxieties that would be pressing on them at that date, of which the colour bar and anti-Semitism are the most obvious. These topics are worked well enough into their talk, but aren't dramatised into issues. Indeed, Miss Macleod doesn't yet seem to have quite the knack – a first essential for this kind of play – of dramatising small issues into a series of telling scenes quickly succeeding one another. The play starts well and some of her comic passages come off pretty well; but she doesn't command the rhythm which will hold the fragments together till the end. But what seems to be an almost wholly English company are very successful in conjuring up an almost wholly foreign community. Miss Anne Blake especially, as Trudi, keeping the household going on her buoyant generosity of nature, is a pillar of strength and sincerity. Gillian Armitage presents an excellent skeletal set and Jordan Lawrence an atmospheric if rather slow production.

T. C. W.

'Wally Pone', at the Unity

It was an amusing idea to do *Volpone* as a musical with a contemporary Soho setting, but *Wally Pone* misses all its chances and is a disappointment. Wally Pone is king of the underworld, a controller of street-walkers, a self-made man ('I'm very glad to say I wasn't born with wealth, I've done it all myself'). He has reached the age where he should be writing his memoirs for the Sunday papers; instead, he stays in his house in Dean Street and pretends to be ill, while his servant Mossy White encourages all the possible inheritors, among them a lawyer and a bookie. So far so good. But then the writer, Mr Lionel Bart, seems to be over-awed by the possibilities of his subject; and he decides to play safe by limiting himself to weary satire on espresso bars and 'tea and crumpets with the vicar'. His music is banal; his lyrics have no edge. But there are minor felicities – a court scene and a dance of tarts and policemen in Shepherd Market. The evening is really Ben Jonson's: Mr Bart follows his original closely, though he inevitably loses some of its bite and concision. And if this production of *Wally Pone* is gently agreeable and never really boring it is largely due to the fine performance of Mr Bernard Goldman (who reminds one of the late Harry Green) as Wally Pone, and to the excellent Mossy White of Mr Morris Perry.

V. S. N.

"For those who want to know"

The Troubled Middle East

In three searching talks last week on Granada TV Quentin Reynolds questioned Sir Alec Kirkbride, Brigadier S. Longrigg and Leonard Beaton about the historical-political background, the oil supply situation and the strategic military patterns in the Middle East.

A complete transcript of these broadcasts (exclusive to the northern ITV region) ***is available free on request from:***

GRANADA TV NETWORK LIMITED 36 GOLDEN SQUARE LONDON W1

Correspondence

WHO WANTS THE SUMMIT?

SIR,—It is becoming clear to increasing numbers of 'uncommitted' people, both here and abroad, that it is one of the facts of life that America (as represented by Mr Eisenhower and Mr Dulles) does not want a summit conference. Nor does the American administration appear to be going to attend one if it can possibly avoid it.

This is really the only interpretation which can be put on the American activities of the past week, referring particularly to the President's extraordinary letter to Mr Krushchev in which he once more starts back-pedalling obstinately away from a meeting with the Russian leader. Over a week has now gone by since Mr Krushchev's proposal for a five-power summit meeting. What has happened in that week? Western statesmen have frantically tried to grasp some sort of initiative by inverting the Russian proposal for talks to try to make the whole thing sound like either Mr Macmillan's own idea, or at least a joint western scheme. For example, Tory newspapers are now saying 'if Krushchev can be induced to accept the *western* proposal for a conference' just as if the American and British leaders were the only ones ever to think of arranging such a thing!

To the outside observer this can surely only appear as a device to try to swing public opinion (the less observant part of it) the western way after the Lebanon and Jordan adventures. One is forced into this sort of conclusion, like it or not, by the attitude of western statesmen to the present situation. Is it possible that they do not see that they are handing the biggest propaganda plums to Russia by delaying and trying to draw back from summit talks?

Is it really as impossible as it seems to get into the heads of the American leaders the obvious wisdom (to anyone not blinded by self-righteousness) of conferring with Russia now? With each day that is frittered away with objections and evasions the more the impression must gather that it is this creeping mental paralysis of self-righteousness of the West, and in particular of the American leaders, which is one of the great difficulties now bedevilling the world, and helping to hamstring any hope of progress away from the horrors which hang over the human race.

ROBERT CONNELL

50 Palewell Park
East Sheen, SW14

'A splendid novel . . .'

wrote Phyllis Young reviewing *Son of Dust* in the Yorkshire Post '. . . Not only is Miss Prescott a genuine historian but she also has abounding gifts as a novelist: she possesses an insight into the timeless processes of the human heart allied to a brooding sense of the past.'

And **ANGUS WILSON** writes: 'It is a very good piece of reconstruction of the early medieval scene . . . The set-piece descriptions of hunting, battle, homage, assault and the long enclosed winters are excellent.'

Son of Dust is set in 11th Century Normandy in the years before Duke William invaded England. It is published at 16s by **EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.**

H. F. M. PRESCOTT

Son of Dust

REPLY FROM MALTA

SIR,—I should be grateful if you would allow me to correct some misstatements of fact contained in Mr Mintoff's article printed in your issue of 12 July. Mr Mintoff wrote as follows:

> On 24 April, 1958, Sir Robert Laycock, Governor of Malta, unconstitutionally took over the control of the Malta police force and on the same day the Maltese Labour ministers resigned from office. Whereupon Laycock appointed himself supreme dictator.

The facts are as follows: In a letter dated the 21 April 1958, Mr Mintoff tendered the resignation of his government on the ground of Her Majesty's government's refusal to find a financial *modus vivendi* for the period necessary to hold new elections in Malta. Mr Mintoff agreed to continue in office while the Governor tried to find an alternative government.

On the following day, the Governor asked Dr Borg Olivier, the leader of the opposition, to form a government, but late in the evening of 23 April the latter refused. In accordance with normal constitutional practice, the Governor forthwith approached Mr Mintoff and arranged to see him next morning to ask whether, in the light of Dr Borg Olivier's refusal, he had any further advice to tender. That night, however, the Commissioner of Police reported to the Governor that, in the course of disturbances in Valletta, Mr Mintoff as Minister of Police had given him certain orders which would make it impossible for the police to maintain the public safety. The Commissioner therefore sought instructions from the Governor, as the ultimate authority responsible for the public safety under the constitution, and the Governor instructed the Commissioner not to carry out Mr Mintoff's' orders and to continue taking the measures he considered necessary to deal with the disturbances. Next morning, Mr Mintoff took steps for the dismissal of the Commissioner and announced over the rediffusion broadcast system that the formal instrument of dismissal had been submitted for the Governor's signature.

It was against this background that the meeting arranged the previous evening, at which Mr Mintoff was to be asked to tender further advice to the Governor, took place. There was discussion of the financial question, on which agreement seemed possible: but as regards law and order, the Governor felt it his duty to inform Mr Mintoff (who attended with all the other ministers) that he could not acquiesce in the government's continuance in office unless Mr Mintoff was prepared to countermand the steps taken for the dismissal of the Commissioner and undertake to carry out his responsibilities as Minister of Police for the preservation of order. Mr Mintoff refused to recognise the Governor's constitutional authority in regard to the public safety or to discuss with him the position of the Commissioner or to give any guarantee as regards the maintenance of law and order. The Governor therefore had no alternative but to accept Mr Mintoff's' resignation and that of his ministers, which had been in his hands since 21 April.

The next passage in Mr Mintoff's article reads:

> On 28 April, a general strike was called. By three o'clock in the afternoon the workers spontaneously drove out the police and commandos from working-class towns and villages and burned down police stations. The workers' reaction was so sudden and so vehement that all life on the island was paralysed and the forces under the command of General Laycock were completely taken by surprise.

The facts are these: The general strike of 28 April was carefully organised by Mr Mintoff and other former ministers who personally and publicly supervised the measures taken to prevent people from going to work. The Royal Marine Commandos played no part in the events of 28 April although, along with other service personnel, they were available in case of need. There were no Commandos in any 'working-class towns or villages'. So far as the police were concerned, they succeeded in protecting the lives and property of the ordinary people of Malta despite organised hooliganism, during the course of which severe damage was done to three police stations. The general population outside the dockyard area and nearby villages remained calm.

As regards prosecutions following the events of 28 April, it may be worth pointing out that these were all in respect of contraventions of the ordinary criminal law of Malta. The persons concerned were prosecuted and sentenced by the courts in the normal way.

P. T. HAYMAN
Information Adviser to
His Excellency the Governor.

The Palace,
Valetta

SPANISH STUDENTS

SIR,—I wish to draw the attention of your readers and student organisations in Great Britain to the recent detention in Madrid of an unspecified number of university students charged with extremist activities against the regime. These detentions were carried out in the last week of May by the well-known Brigada de Investigación Político-social, in typically cynical style. Most of the students were arrested in a Madrid hotel, where two visiting delegates from the COSEC international students' organisation were staying. These delegates had been guaranteed complete freedom of action by the official university union, and were indiscreet enough to summon a conference by phone. The detentions took place in their presence and despite their protests. It was explained that the official guarantee did not extend to Spaniards. The delegates were then asked to leave at once.

The students concerned are members of the ASU (Agrupación Socialista Universitaria) the most active of the groups that constitute the Spanish Democratic Union of Students. They are declaredly anti-Communist, but inevitably opposed to the Franco régime, as indeed are all serious Spanish students at this point. The gravity of their situation lies in the fact that they are subject to the jurisdiction of the Tribunal Especial, created by decree after the arrests of November 1957, to repress extremist activities. The presiding judge of this tribunal is the formidable Colonel Aymar, who used to boast that he had never pronounced a sentence of less than 30 years' imprisonment. The procedure is that of a military court, whereby the defendant is appointed a counsel from the special corps of military lawyers. The hearings are *in camerâ*.

However, it is unlikely that the trials will take place before the end of summer, as the Tribunal has extraordinary powers of provisional detention, so there is still time to intervene on behalf of the prisoners, who, I can assure you from personal knowledge, are among the most enlightened and least extremist of Spanish students.

I abstain from signing my name for obvious reasons.

PROFESSOR

Madrid

STRACHEY AND THE BOMB

SIR,—I cannot understand two passages in John Strachey's H-bomb pamphlet. On page 17 he argues that we must have H-bombs in order to be able to influence American policy, and to part company with the US, if the latter 'embarks on some rash policy . . . of which British Labour utterly disapproves', and to 'retain the ability to take a different course, even though doing so might deeply alienate America'. Why, since our output is only 3 per cent. of that of

the US, should they give us the power to influence US policy or to act independently of America? I could understand it if Strachey advocated clearing the US forces and bases out of this country when Labour thought American policy was wrong and dangerous. But he doesn't. On the contrary, he suggests that that would be no use, because they might refuse to go (bottom of p. 16); and even if they went, 'the first act of a third world war might well be a race between the Russians and Americans to occupy us and establish their bases here. And then the other one would probably attack the occupied bases with H-bombs'. (p. 17).

As an argument for this country's remaining an American base, however dangerous we think US policy, that sounds like 'surrender, because you may be beaten if you fight'. But not only will our 3 per cent. of US bombs, says Strachey, enable us, although a US base under duress, to be independent of the US and to influence American policy. Our handful of H-bombs are also going to give us the power to 'influence events in general' and in particular, 'to have a restraining influence on Russia. For the Russians notoriously take very little account of people who have no power with which to back up their opinions'. (p. 15).

But during the Suez crisis the Labour Party condemned the government for taking the law into their own hands by resorting to force 'to back up their opinions against Nasser'. Labour pointed out that this was contrary to the Charter which forbids resort to force without the authorisation of the Security Council, except in defence against an 'armed attack'. Does Strachey agree with the party that we must as a country be loyal to the obligations of the Charter? On 23 July 1957 Mr Bevan told the House that weapons of mutual suicide cannot be used either for national defence or to influence international negotiations. Does Strachey agree? Does he recognise that H-bomb power politics besides being contrary to the Charter and to party policy, would be like playing conkers with contact mines? In the same speech Bevan said there could be no differences between this country and the Soviet Union for which it would be worth risking the extermination of the human race. Does Strachey agree? Or does he seriously suggest that this country either can, or should, in any conceivable circumstances, try to play go-it-alone H-bomb power politics against the USSR?

In short, if I understand Mr Strachey's pamphlet aright, he says we must remain a 3 per cent. nuclear power in order to (a) be independent of the US and influence US policy, although remaining perforce an American base; and (b) back up our opinions with the threat of nuclear war in disputes with the Soviet Union.

But (a) is nonsense and (b) is criminal lunacy, besides being contrary to party policy and to the Charter of the United Nations. This is absurd with reference to a semi-official pamphlet issued by Transport House for the guidance of the party on this life and death issue – so I must have failed to understand.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons

SIR,—Mr Strachey writes to you on 'a question of fact'. But his facts are wrong. I will recapitulate them. Mr Strachey wrote in his pamphlet: 'It is other people's bombs, not ours, which will destroy us'. I commented: 'Apparently it does not worry Mr Strachey that our bombs will destroy other people. It worries me'. He now produces a quotation about 'the nightmare which hangs not only over Britain but over the whole world'. It is good news that Mr Strachey has some nightmares. But his nightmare is different from mine. Mr Strachey's nightmare is destruction. Mine is that we should use the hydrogen bomb. A bomb dropped on Moscow is as wicked as a bomb dropped on London. Does Mr Strachey agree? If he does, he must support unilateral abandonment of nuclear weapons so as to ensure that we at any rate shall be free from this wickedness.

A word of advice to Mr Strachey. He would do well to avoid the personal abuse often favoured by those who defend the hydrogen bomb. For I might reply in kind. Though I am, as he says, a professional historian and, I hope, a public entertainer, I have never followed the lead of Sir Oswald Mosley nor sought instruction from Mr Harry Pollitt.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Magdalen College
Oxford

PATIENTS AND THE HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—Mr Abel-Smith's article on the NHS covered a lot of ground, and brought up many pertinent points, but was, I felt, unduly pessimistic. There are, of course, hindrances to its smoother working but they are being gradually removed.

However good an appointment system exists for patients, there will always be delays at one time or another, because of the impossibility of estimating how long it will take to discover the true nature of some patients' ailments. And there will always be some doctors not doing the work for which they are paid, and some also doing work for which they are not paid.

Mr Abel-Smith asks whether the service is responsive to the wishes of the consumer, whether it knows what the consumer wants, whether the consumer feels he is encouraged to complain and make suggestions. He replies that, in general, the answers are in the negative. Regarding the last question he may rest assured that complaints are made. In four hospitals I attend, two or three complaints are made weekly in one, and one to two a month in the others, but they are very rarely more than trivial in nature. Curiously enough, a high proportion of the complaints in these cases are made by non-British residents. But what suggestions are consumers, or patients as doctors call them, to make, and to whom?

The service is as responsive as possible to the wishes of the patient, but where it mainly fails is in the shortage of staff and beds, and the doctors I know are very conscious of these deficiencies. A case in point is well illustrated by a letter in the *British Medical Journal* of 12 July last, from a GP, describing a man with lung cancer who succeeded in being admitted 2 months after its diagnosis. This delay must have been due to the shortage of doctors and staff trained in the very highly skilled art of thoracic work.

This is a gloomy thought. Nevertheless, the fact remains that patients have had much better care since the inception of the NHS, and although Mr Abel-Smith asserts it is not the only criterion of its success, it is the most important one.

CONSULTANT

Harley Street, W1

THE HAMLET OF STEPNEY GREEN

SIR,—Your theatre critic's amazement at the international interest aroused by Mr Bernard Kops's play, *The Hamlet of Stepney Green*, is matched (for me) by my incredulity at his review of this entertaining work.

I would agree with anyone who thinks Mr Kops's first act is too long, but if this piece is 'ill-written, half-baked, sentimental whimsy', and if the author's use of words is 'repetitious, flat, banal and ineffective', the excellent playing of the cast completely concealed these depressing facts from my attention. The piece is a whimsy (*a genre* rarely to my taste); it is also sentimental, but its unique quality is surely the manner in which these elements, among a number of others, are made to work as theatre – and to comment upon the contemporary scene?

For admirers of Mr Worsley there is something disquieting in his suggestion that other people's opinions may eventually 'prove' him to be wrong. One accepts the fact that this proletarian play is not to his taste, but I would deny that Mr Kops cannot, as yet, write. If he will now move on from sentimental whimsy his future seems assured.

SELEY RITTLE

Colchester

[Mr Worsley did not like this play. But that the reason was nothing to do with it being a 'proletarian play' is proved by many other reviews by him, including his enthusiastic review of *Chicken Soup with Barley* in our issue of 19 July.—ED., *NS.*]

'OBSTINATELY SLOW'

SIR,—'Critic' is right in supposing that Mr Macmillan's 'loudly acclaimed phrase' has an echo. But my own version of this echo belongs to Cambridge. When I was an officer cadet at Trinity Hall in 1917 I read in a most appropriate position the following lines:

Fair Cloacina, Goddess of this place,
Daily resort of all the human race,
Grant that my offering may flow
Nor rudely fast nor obstinately slow.

Probably the attribution to Swinburne is incorrect and the lines, in one form or another, are traditional. At any rate, the Cambridge version is preferable to that of Oxford.

C. E. VULLIAMY

Wildacre
Cranleigh

[Some correspondents say Byron, not Swinburne. A number of alternative versions have reached us. —ED., *NS.*]

TRADE UNION HISTORY

SIR,—I am writing a history of trade unionism between the years 1918 and 1927. This was a period of militant, relentless activity by many local and national trade union officials and the full story cannot be told without their help. I would be grateful if those of them who have material relating to this period, such as minutes, circulars, leaflets, would let me see it. I will return safely all material sent to me.

V. L. ALLEN

Skepper House
13 Endsleigh Street, WC1

PARKINSON
COWAN
LTD

ESTABLISHED 1816

The Company operates six Divisions which manufacture Domestic Appliances

Liquid Meters and Fluid Automation

Gas Meters

Electricity Meters and Control Systems

Industrial Radiant Heating Apparatus

Diaphragms and Leather

HEAD OFFICE
TERMINAL HOUSE LONDON SW1
TELEPHONE SLOANE 0111
TELEX No. 23372

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Secret Parables

THE essence of the novelist's art – especially the English novelist's – is the quotidian. From the moment Crusoe domesticates and diarises his desert island, the novel reflects the confidence the individual derives from the society he lives in. The risks of romance are gone; he is safe in the realist's nest: Selkirk was lonely, but Crusoe is the least lonely man in the world. This confidence has lasted in our tradition. But when we look up from our books into the life around us today, we wonder how the prosaic observer in realistic fiction can be so certain of himself. The quotidian art goes on describing and describing and, as far as externals are concerned, we cannot complain that the modern realist fails to describe the features of a changing, violent or collapsing society. But he is the spectator, in some lucky way insured and untouched; rarely does the novelist find the point at which we are involved or committed; rarely does he touch the quick, so that for once the modern alibi – 'it is beyond the power of the imagination to grasp, etc., etc.' – does not work. The imagination will never grasp until it is awakened; and facts will not awaken it. They merely strengthen opinion; and there is nothing so apt to shut us off from the world as the correct opinion about it. The imagination can be awakened only by the imagination, by the artist who has the power to break us down until the point of secret complicity is reached. It was this point which the writer of romance, undeterred by the day's events, and lost in his world of dramatic wishes, once knew how to reach.

Mr William Golding is an artist of this kind. His three books, *Lord of the Flies* (1954), *The Inheritors* (1955) and *Pincher Martin* (1956)* are romance in the austere sense of the term. They take the leap from the probable to the possible. *Lord of the Flies* has a strong pedigree: island literature from Crusoe to *Coral Island*, *Orphan Island* and *High Wind in Jamaica*. All romance breaks with the realistic novelist's certainties and exposes the characters to transcendent and testing dangers. But Golding does more than break; he bashes, by the power of his overwhelming sense of the detail of the physical world. He is the most original of our contemporaries. Many writers have been concerned, as a matter of argument, with what is rhetorically called 'the dilemma of modern man', and have given us, as it were, lantern slide lectures on the anarchy of a poisoned future; they are really essayists sitting in comfort. Golding, on the contrary, scarcely uses an argument or issues a warning. He simply shakes us until we feel in our bones the perennial agony of our species. By their nature, his subjects – prep-school boys on a desert island in a world war, the calvary of a sailor who gave the right order but whose half-conscious body is being washed about the gullies of an Atlantic rock, the conflicts of a handful of Neanderthalers – could easily become the pasteboard jigsaw of allegory, pleasing our taste for satire and ingenuity; but the pressure of feeling drives allegory out of the foreground of his stories. He is a writer of intense visual gift, with an overpowering sense of nature and an extraordinary perception of man as a physical being in a physical world, torn between a primitive inheritance and the glimmer of an evolving mind. A dramatic writer and familiar with the strong emotions that go with the instinct of self-preservation – blind love for his kind, hatred, fear and elation – he is without hysteria. He is not cooking up freakish and exotic incident; he is not making large proclamations about man against nature, God, destiny and so on; he is seriously and in precise, individual instances gripped – as if against his will – by the sight of the slow and agonising accretion of a mind and a civilised will in one or two men, struggling against their tendency to slip back, through passion or folly, and lose their skills in panic. And there is pity for the pain they feel.

Pain is the essence of Mr Golding's subject. In *The Inheritors* it is the obscure pain of a baffled and dying group of ape men who see themselves supplanted by the more skilful new being called Man. The ape man experiences the pain of the grunt, of trying to communicate from one poor mind to another – 'I have a picture. Can you see my picture?' – and also the pain of trying to distinguish, for a moment, what is inside from what is outside himself. From his tree he sees Man who is not afraid of water, as he is, who gets drunk on honey, who has invented love-play; he sees with a kind of grieving as an animal might grieve. In *Pincher Martin*, the tale of a modern sailor whose broken body is washed about the Atlantic rock, who eats limpets, is poisoned by his store of food and who eventually goes mad and dies, the pain is in the fight against physical hurt and loss of consciousness, in the struggle to put his educated will against his terrors. It is also in the Job-like protest against a defeat which wrongs everything he has believed in. In *Lord of the Flies* – the first and, I think, the best of these books – a group of schoolboys re-enact the *Coral Island* story and the pain is in the struggle between the boys who revert through fear to the primitive and turn into savage hunters, and those who are trying vainly to preserve foresight and order. In the end, the boys are rescued, but not before they have lived through the modern political nightmare. (I hope this book is being read in Germany.)

Mr Golding's sensibility to pain is the spring of his imagination and if, in all three stories, the heroes are smashed up, he is by no means a morbid or sadistic writer. The chest of the creature, running in terror from its enemies, scorches, the calves cramp, the skin tears, the body has to endure what animal panic lets it in for. Pain is simply the whole condition of man; it is the sign that he is awake and struggling with his nature, and especially with the terror which so suddenly scatters the mind. *Lord of the Flies* contains one episode of great horror. The rotting body of a dead parachutist is blown across the island in the night, almost stepping on the trees and the beaches, until it is taken out to sea. The sight is the final and clinching argument to the very young boys that a devouring Beast has really been among them; and one might conclude that this is a decisive symbol of human defeat and the meaninglessness of the struggle. The idea is irrelevant. Mr Golding's imagination is heroic. Against the flies that buzz round the dangling scarecrow must be put the elation of the adventure, the love of natural life, the curiosity of the eye, that run through the writing. And the compassion.

It is natural to compare *Lord of the Flies* with *Coral Island* – and then with *High Wind in Jamaica*. In *Coral Island* we see the safe community. A century without war and with a settled sense of the human personality has produced it. In Richard Hughes's book, we saw the first sign of disintegration: the psychologists have discovered that children are not small fanciful adults, but are a cut-off, savage race. In *Lord of the Flies* we understand that the children are not cut-off; anthropology, the science of how people live together, not separately, reflects the concern of the modern world which has seen its communities destroyed. The children in *Lord of the Flies* simply re-enact the adult, communal drama and by their easy access to the primitive, show how adult communities can break up. Of course, Mr Golding's improbable romances remain improbable; they are narrow and possible. The modern romancer has the uncluttered chance of going straight to the alienation of the individual and to the personal solitude that is one of the forgotten subjects. In our world, which is so closely organised we are hardly aware of what we are privately up to. We use large words like calamity, disaster, racial suicide, devastation; they are meaningless to us until an artist appears who is gifted enough to identify himself with a precise body being washed up against a precise collection of rocks, a precise being sniffing the night air for his enemy or feeling the full force of a particular blow. Until then, we are muffled in our alibi: 'the imagination cannot grasp'.

Lord of the Flies is the most accomplished of Mr Golding's novels. Its portraits of the shipwrecked boys and its understanding of them are touching and delightful and he is master of a rich range of scene and action. In this book his spirit and his serenity are classical. *Pincher Martin* is more chock-a-block, but it has fine descriptions of the roaring, sucking, deafening sea scene on the rock which we know stone by stone. He is a modern writer here in that his eyes are pressed close to the object, so that each thing is enormously magnified. We see how much a man is enclosed by his own eyes. The important quality of all Golding's descriptions is that they are descriptions of movement and continuous change and are marked by brilliant epithets. (One remembers: 'three prudish anemones'.) There is this picture of the swimming sailor, almost at the rock:

> Ropes held him, slipped and let him go. He saw light, got a mouthful of air and foam. He

* *Lord of the Flies (Faber paper-back Edition); The Inheritors; Pincher Martin;* and *The Brass Butterfly*. By WILLIAM GOLDING. *Faber*, 5s., 12s. 6d., 15s. and 10s. 6d.

glimpsed a riven rock face with trees of spray growing up it and the sight of this rock floating in mid-Atlantic was so dreadful that he wasted his air by screaming as if it had been a wild beast. He went under in a green calm, then up and was thrust sideways. The sea no longer played with him. It stayed its wild movement and held him gently, carried him with delicate and careful motion like a retriever with a bird. Hard things touched him about the feet and knees. The sea laid him down gently and retreated. There were hard things touching his face and chest, the side of his forehead. The sea came back and fawned round his face, licked him. He thought movements that did not happen. The sea came back and he thought the movements again and this time they happened because the sea took most of his weight. They moved him forward over the hard things. Each wave and each movement moved him forward. He felt the sea run down to smell at his feet then come back and nuzzle under his arm.

But this book succeeds less when it takes us into the sailor's chaotic recollections of his life. It contains some flashes back to scenes of jealousy and rivalry which are hard to grasp. It may be that Golding's sense of theatre – often strong in writers of romance – has overcome him here. (He is the author of a witty satirical play, *The Brass Butterfly*, which is excellent reading.) But in making us feel in the current in the modern world, instead of being stranded and deadened by it; in providing us with secret parables; in unveiling important parts of the contemporary anguish and making them heroic, knowable and imaginable, he is unique.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Two Poets: 1958

To C.L.

Over a pint of beer, the revolutionary
Meets the cultural functionary.
Culture is business. Knives are sheathed.
Neither by either is deceived.
Much is empty, but more to be believed.

The flannel-jerseyed poster poet
Has a bomb lodged in his pocket
Where the Corporation's servant
Keeps his wallet. Yet it isn't
Red and black, or white and khaki,
This meeting: you can call it partly
Wheels within wheels, the rub of culture
Against the grit which starts the puncture.

The neater man implicitly
Apologises for his income like
A matron with a festering appetite
For cream-puffs. And the revolutionary
Waves his small banner like a handkerchief
He puts back up his sleeve. They eat and drink.

We are not cynical: we try to think.
Art moves, and armies move. There is belief.
Even the cynic sees that these two care,
Exchanging what is common, sharing
What there is to share, daring
A squib of difference here and there.

And round them beer is drunk and money made,
Few want for money, no one is betrayed.

While outside the great city digs its grave.

ANTHONY THWAITE

The Liberal Fraud

Plays. By EUGENE IONESCO. *Calder. 2 vols. 18s. each.*

SOREWIT: For instance, how is your political connected with your theatrical?

MEDLEY: Oh, very easily – when my politics come to a farce they very naturally lead me to the playhouse, where, let me tell you, there are some politicians too, where there is lying, flattering, dissembling, promising, deceiving, and undermining, as well as in any court in Christendom.

After Fielding wrote that into *The Historical Register, 1736*, his rulers ordained a Court menial to put him down. Nowadays we plan to oust that Chamberlain whose main job was and is to keep hostile criticism of the Government off the stage, an important and political task in which our Monarchy, appointing a line of bland, ignorant peers, proved loyal and serviceable. Originally it was meant as a limited policing, no doubt. Fieldings are few though, and measures adequate to suppress such genius, however conservative, were bound to underestimate one strong and future ally, the obedient and craven imagination of latter-day playwrights.

'Nay, to the Chamberlain!' we cry, and a successful agitation ours will be. As he trails away, our Chamberlain can give his authors their ultimate liberty: freedom of the four-letter word plus certain banal topics, mostly sexual, all perverse. Gone, he will be remembered as a symbol of the Establishment's benign forbearance towards their successors, for our playwright is a willing and a harmless fellow. He troubles no authority. With nothing of importance to say, he is the first to admit his futility; insulted, he whines; publicised, he becomes the publicity's image; gripped by events he cannot explain to himself, let alone to others, he derides rationality and turns inwards on the self he has never understood to avoid a situation he has helped to create. Nevertheless, surrounded by confusion, misery, heartbreak, murder, and repression, he continues to write plays; his mind far off, looking neither to the right nor the left in case his inspiration like a little insect, deaf, blind, but luminous, is blown out by the dead yelps of press and political lordlings. Yes, he writes plays. These are rigid, logical constructs; often very sharp, usually absurd, built round gimmicks, blessedly short. Without exception they support the major æsthetic falsehood of our century: that art and politics are distinct, separate, isolated. In these specialities Eugene Ionesco is adept. Hereabouts, certain young authors have adopted his commitments, (Keith Johnstone, Anne Jellicoe, N. F. Simpson); all four have had works performed at the Royal Court Theatre; others, still obscure, are doubtless composing similar works intended for that fabric. Here the matter becomes important. The Court Theatre is the sole non-philistine London playhouse assured of a future. Hopes are centred there. It is in this practical context that Mr Ionesco's *Plays* must be reviewed.

Separate from his plays Mr Ionesco has stated his commitments in various fashionable publications – most recently, the *Observer*. It was clearly not his aim to become a gloomy and insidious engine of faction, for his ideas, like his plays, are repetitive and simple. Nor do his plays contain characters whose personality and situation we can discuss. His types – and they are no more – do not formulate thoughts to direct their actions, trying, failing maybe, to change their state. They are at the mercy of events—one event, probably – and these events like their own acts are pertinent to nothing save a mass of irrelevant

PETER
Fleming
The Gower Street Poltergeist

The unruly poltergeist of Strix's humour manifests itself in a further volume of articles from *The Spectator*. *(16s)*

VERILY
Anderson
Beware of Children

How twenty-five children only just avoided drowning, strangulation and burying alive, when Verily Anderson and her family opened a hotel for children in a monk-haunted Sussex manor. By the author of *Our Square* and *Spam Tomorrow*. *(16s)*

R. S.
Thomas
Poetry for Supper

Recommended by the Book Society and the Poetry Book Society

'Needs no comment other than recommendation. They are perfect examples of economical, dry, poetic presentation.' *Richard Church*

9s 6d

THE DOOR MARKED
Malaya
Oliver Crawford

'Many books have been written about an experience many young Englishmen have undergone; one can recall none better nor indeed any of quite this quality and character . . . as exciting, as vividly pictured, as anything one has read.' *Birmingham Post*

'It is fortunate for us he can put his own experience on paper. His descriptive writing is memorable . . . . the best book of its kind that has come my way.' *Bernard Fergusson*

'Oliver Crawford's Malayan recollections are quite movingly profound and he writes with an easy grace that makes this one of the most worth-while of the post-war war books.' *The Scotsman*

18s

HART-DAVIS

and purposeless gestures. Nothing is easier than to misunderstand Mr Ionesco. We must not be surprised when he claims that his position is misrepresented. Has it never occurred to him that he has taken no position? Of course it has. Or that his position is defined by events so trivial that it allows no grafting on to matters more serious, and consequently has no interest to persons who base their views on those matters more serious? But it happens sometimes, at a party, during a conversation, or whenever, that a dull stubborn little man on a cushion in the corner, sticks out for whatever platitude he has chosen with such vehemence that, triviality granted, he forces the company to state where they stand in relation to him, and, conversely, where he stands in relation to them; in Mr Ionesco's case, us.

What is his position, then? In theory it originates from his isolation of various factors involved in living, from living. And next he assumes these factors to be final and alternative. And last he states that factors excluded from either group are, as far as theatre is concerned, irrelevant. Politics, ideologies, the social plane, morality, propaganda and faction, form one group: the Anti-Art Factors. Nostalgia, death-sense, dreams, anxieties, personal testimony, and concealed language – whatever that is – form the other, Pro-Art Factors. We are invited to choose between these alternatives and become true authors with Mr Ionesco, or vulgar political touts like Brecht, Sartre, Miller, and – he might have added – Aeschylus, Aristophanes, etc.

Accepting his theoretical stand we can examine his practical recommendations, *i.e.*, what the plays say. We are asked to think of ourselves as Absurd, Conformist, Petit-Bourgeois, Prisoners of Reality, who, at the mercy of clichés have become Impoverished, Alienated, Empty Fools vain enough to seek improvement yet forever unable to discover 'the fundamental problem common to all mankind'. We are not told what this problem is, just that it is. It follows that Mr Ionesco and his party are slow movers. What's more, they rank their impotence and neutrality as grave virtues. Even as he invents a situation, though, the extremities of human experience are implied in it. We, his audience, imply them. And as he refuses to admit they exist, debasing himself before them, so he debases us. Culturally, such people are described as 'confused liberals'. The powerful represent them as harmless. But they are anything but that. In a situation fraught with danger, their potential is all for danger; the apolitical or neutral author is the inveterate understrapper for the powerful man.

Mr Ionesco has been defended on the following grounds. His originality would, if placed in a philistine theatre, say, the Haymarket, deliver a rough but necessary cut across the face of our suburban audience. Nothing is less true. His originality consists not so much in distinguishing what one generation demands differently from its predecessors, what trials and difficulties are at present threatening us, or what delights are ours alone, but in mentioning matters hitherto – and perhaps for good reason – omitted from art, and in squeezing out the last tickle of sensation from them. Aye, he scorns the thoughts of other men; rather than publish them he authorises his own dullness.

As for shaking his audience – a broad contemporary audience, that is, and not the Royal Court 'family' – there is a story, probably apocryphal, but sufficient to dismiss the argument. A play of Mr Ionesco's was given in Japan; the audience, formed by people renowned for their public courtesy, were obliged to leave in order to avoid the pains of suppressed laughter. A philistine, west-end audience would leave; and rightly so. Not because they are philistines but because in spite of their dramatic insensitivity they would see the precious lie against their own lives and be bored by it.

How does he manage to write at all, Mr Ionesco? Well, he has a 'solution'. Again, it comes in two parts. Mr Ionesco is above all things a naturalist, a lesser pupil of Zola and Pinero. He collects simple 'types' and selects a fine wad of clichés; then he looks about him for a humorous but impossible situation, generally symbolic, a 'problem'; the former he welds to the latter. The corpse that grows 'deepens' the crass dialogue; the crass dialogue 'universalises' the shallow types; the shallow types 'are imprisoned' by the corpse that grows; the corpse that grows 'deepens' the crass . . . .

The second and more serious fraud, is less easily grasped. Mr Ionesco pretends that conflicts are not political, ideological, *at all*. For him conflicts exist between the vicious social, objective, poor mortal world, and the creative world of individual feeling, taste, anxiety, fear, joy, etc. The dramatic form he employs to advance this system is, of course, absurd. Little people are taken and pilloried for their little fears and doubts. Yes, it is absurd, sometimes funny. But we must not imagine that Mr Ionesco is unaware of his play's partial, and his theory's total, absurdity. He knows all that he has to recommend is trivial and open to dispute. He finds it amusing. It is his opponents who must treat words and language seriously since they believe in their use. By emphasising the farcial aspects of dramatic argument, he discredits the serious intention of any questioner. His intention is not to reveal anything but to intimidate or disconcert us with nothing.

Poor dog, he had forgotten that there is more irony, more despair, more generosity in raising a family and loving a woman, than in assuming the chair one sees not to be a chair and practising the systematic distortion of senses therefore.

While, and if, authors follow Mr Ionesco, the Chamberlain can fish off Bermuda. Nothing eases his task like dull, juddering giggles at our situation. If, however, a man with a tongue like a sword and eyes like acid, turns to playwriting, who will get the Queen to reinstate her menial? A Liberal, a Labour, or a traditional government?

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Duckworth Books

The Competitive Process

by JACK DOWNIE

This brilliant new book provides an analysis of the way in which the working of a competitive market may be affected by industrial concentration and restrictive practices. Of practical value to all concerned with the framing and administering of anti-trust legislation, it concentrates on examining the mechanism of two types of change: technical progress and the replacement of inefficient by efficient firms.

At first the argument makes the severe assumption of an isolated industry; later this assumption is relaxed and the effects of the movement of firms between industries are analysed. This in turn leads to an examination of the forces making for stabilisation, and of the reasons why restrictive practices are adopted and what their influence is likely to be.

In a final section the conclusions of the theoretical analysis are tested against the statistical evidence available. Most of this is derived from the British Census of Production and is of a kind not previously published.

Demy 8vo. 25*s. net.*

By post to U.S.A. and Canada $3.50.

3 Henrietta St. London. W.C.2

All Out of Step...

Pathfinder. By AIR VICE-MARSHAL D. C. T. BENNETT. *Muller.* 18*s.*

'I ask you to read my preamble again,' are the Air Vice-Marshal's closing words. I did so, wondering why he was so proud of it. If this is a preamble, I had thought when I first read it, how will he behave when he breaks into a gallop? It is a catalogue of grievances against his adopted country. He was born an Australian, and one of his grievances is that he was refused a British passport because he declined to declare himself a citizen of Great Britain. That is the least of them. He considers our political leaders effete, that our courts of law outrage the most primitive instincts of justice, that in Parliament (of which he was for a short time a Member) the Whip system has completely strangled democracy, and that the practices of trade unions and trade associations make Hitler appear almost saintly. He begins his book angry and he ends it angry. No wonder that Bomber Harris, himself no milksop, could write of his subordinate in *Bomber Offensive*, 'his consciousness of his own intellectual powers sometimes made him impatient with slower or differently constituted minds, so that some people found him difficult to work with'.

Of course Air Vice-Marshal Bennett made a tremendous contribution to the winning of the war. He devised and led the Atlantic air-ferry. He initiated and commanded the Pathfinder Force which, in his own words, 'turned Bomber Command from a wasteful and ineffective force into a mighty and successful one'. He was a pioneer in air navigation. His personal courage was never better illustrated than by his escape from Norway into Sweden when he was shot down in a raid on the *Tirpitz*. His description of this incident is the most pleasing in the whole book. He could find nobody to criticise until he reached the British Legation at Stockholm.

One can understand that during the war a gifted, energetic and successful airman should have fought with his superiors to get his own way. What one cannot understand is that so exceptional a person (particularly a senior member of a Service which has a pathological dislike of conceit in all its forms) should not realise that to contrast his own achievements with the shortcomings of lesser men is not the best way to persuade outsiders 'that he was right and they were wrong. He tells us that he refrained from writing his war-memoirs for ten years after VJ Day because 'I was determined that I would write nothing which was not mellowed by time and adjusted to its right perspective'. Mellowed! His book is as mellow as a thousand-bomber raid. It is full of comments like, 'those charming and generous Air Force officers who so bitterly

criticised my rapid promotion', and (of a named individual) 'he was extremely fat, extremely soft, and wore thick-lensed glasses. . . . I have never known such a catastrophe at any stage of my career'.

This sort of thing might be tolerable because it is unconsciously self-revealing. But it is intolerable when his retrospective criticisms of the RAF are demonstratively groundless. He writes, for instance, of the Arnhem operation:

> I must say it made me somewhat sick that the Air Force should solemnly put its parachute-dropping aircraft straight down a line of defences which were quite clearly shown in our own Intelligence Records, and apparently were found in fact to be there. Moreover, the aircraft flew, I believe, at about 2,000 feet and were, therefore, absolutely sitting targets for the light flak. The casualties were heavy.

This is a good example of his style and manner. It is also quite untrue. The dropping-zones at Arnhem were chosen just because Intelligence showed that they were free of enemy ground and anti-aircraft defences. The parachutists landed unharmed in empty fields. Not a single British troop-carrying aircraft or glider was lost that day by enemy action. The words 'apparently' and 'I believe' cannot excuse this Parthian sniping. The full facts were published years ago. Such statements, as A. P. Herbert said of Big Ben when it struck thirteen, are not only false in themselves, but cast doubt on all previous assertions.

How does such a man react to war itself? He hated it, as a concept. But he did not hate it so much that he could not wage it with alacrity. During the fire-raids on Hamburg (which killed more people in ten days than the Hiroshima bomb, though he does not mention this fact), 'I sent a few Mosquitoes along to Hamburg just to ring the alarms and make the frightened people of Hamburg frightened once again. On the 26th I did the same with another handful of Mosquitoes, just to keep their nerves on edge. Then on the 27th the C-in-C laid on another big one, and once again it was wonderfully successful'. It would make sense if he were solely a technician of war or were quoting a contemporary letter. But this is an intelligent man who claims to have adjusted his experiences to their right perspective, who strongly and unfairly criticises Churchill for seeing no purpose in the war except to win it, who became Chairman of the United Nations Association, and has sat in Parliament. No doubt the Air Vice-Marshal has many human qualities. The pity of it is that he does not display them.

NIGEL NICOLSON

Hear Them Talkin'

The Jazz Makers. Edited by N. SHAPIRO and N. HENTOFF. *Peter Davies.* 25*s.*

Jazz-lovers have an unlimited appetite for biography, which Messrs Shapiro and Hentoff, the editors of the remarkable *Hear Me Talkin' To Ya,* have once again fed in a manner to please the student of the sociology and psychology of the arts. At its most elementary level *The Jazz Makers* is a history of jazz through the lives of twenty-one of its leading practitioners, mostly the obvious ones – Morton, Armstrong, Beiderbecke, Ellington, Bessie Smith, Charlie Parker and the rest. Much of the ground covered is well known to the expert, but, given its age-composition, the jazz public always contains a vast number of beginners to whom it will be new. At a more advanced level, it is a study of the savage, bitter, environment in which the American jazz musician made his or her way, and of a number of remarkable personalities. Four of them are white or part-Indian, the rest Negro, scarred, or more rarely unscarred, by the lower depth from which they have never quite emerged.

The best of American serious journalism combines intelligence, and solid information with a frankness difficult to find in our own treatment of living or recently dead artists. The authors of these essays pull some punches, but fortunately not too many. If the hard trouper's *persona* of Earl Hines or Coleman Hawkins is softened, Orrin Keepnews brings out the haunted, drug-ridden wildness of the late Charlie Parker, Charles Edward Smith has only to paraphrase the embittered, self-pitying autobiography of Billie Holiday, while Nat Hentoff gives us a remarkable study of a lost soul, Lester Young. On the other hand there are the artists who are relatively happy, either because they have never tried to escape from a traditional environment like Armstrong and the drummer Baby Dodds (about whom Hentoff also writes a most illuminating piece), or for some other reason, like Art Tatum, the blind pianist-king of the after-hours jam sessions, or Charlie Christian, the revolutionary child from Oklahoma. Perhaps they escaped because they did not need to compete, being recognised early, at least by the musicians.

The essays are of uneven merit, but almost all are written for a moderately adult public, though a few are little more than strings of dates and anecdotes. Those by John S. Wilson, the jazz critic of the *New York Times,* Nat Hentoff and Orrin Keepnews are the best. Unlike the editors' earlier book, this one is not among the best books ever published on jazz, but it is above the average. Fanatical supporters of New Orleans or modern jazz should note that only a few of their great heroes have been included. This, for one reviewer at least, is an argument in the book's favour.

FRANCIS NEWTON

New Novels

The Man Who Broke Things. By JOHN BROOKS. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Life at Happy Knoll. By JOHN P. MARQUAND. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Rage on the Bar. By GEOFFREY WAGNER. *Alvin Redman.* 15*s.*

I think it must be particularly difficult to write a good novel about finance. The subject demands a Balzacian combination of zest for detail, talent for characterisation, and sociological sweep. Mr Brooks, with his *New Yorker* training in sober fact-gathering, has made a commendable shot at it. *The Man Who Broke Things* is always interesting and readable; there are even passages that have some of that quality of a field service report or précis of a larger work – one of the signs of depth. The chief tycoon whose fortunes we follow is Henry Haislip; he seems unscrupulous enough for a whole pack of Wall Street wolves yet is full of complexity. Taxation in the post-war era has caused him to change his former crude sucker-trapping type of market-rigging. He is now trying to get control of Great Eastern Consolidated by a 'proxy fight'. Most of the action is seen through the eyes of Bob Billings, his rather anomalous young personal assistant. Bob is in love with Haislip's quasi-frigid daughter Ellen and nearly gets entangled with his mistress Edna. A further complication is that Bob's father is one of the directors of Great Eastern. Who Haislip's father is the reader will have to find out for himself. There is an air of some contrivance here. In the end everyone behaves with a rather puzzling degree of inconsistency; it is almost as if Mr Brooks had tried to call in the spirit of E. M. Forster to deepen the character drawing and disseminate light and shade and tolerance. Something has gone a little bit wrong somewhere – in the integration, I suspect. Perhaps Mr Brooks is not quite so easily at home in Wall Street as he was in the office of that weekly illustrated magazine which featured in his first novel. Even so, I wish someone would write one half as interesting about the London Stock Exchange.

The subject of Mr Marquand's bright little epistolatory caper is that unique social institution, the American Country Club. There is nothing on this side of the Atlantic that quite corresponds, though if you were to conceive an expensive Surrey golf club added to Budleigh Salterton during tennis tournament week – and drench the conception with gin and benzedrine – it might give you a pale idea. As so often happens with a national institution, writers are too apt to take it for granted. The American novel which has treated the country club with most respect to its social significance is John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra.* It was at the Lantenengo Country Club, you will remember, that poor Julian English, that doomed Scott Fitzgeraldine hero, got into such fearful trouble in the early Thirties. Several pages were devoted to a chronicle of club scandals. It might be worth comparing a couple of extracts. Here are some of the goings on of Mr O'Hara's Pittsburg society:

2nd large impression

Peace in Piccadilly

The Story of Albany

SHEILA BIRKENHEAD

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON (*Observer*):-
"Admirably has she described it, telling us anecdote after anecdote and bringing alive the successive scholars and eccentrics . . . exhilarating to read."

RAYMOND MORTIMER (*S. Times*):-
"Stories about its famous inhabitants have been artfully selected and accurately recounted . . . I have enjoyed the book so much."

ROBERT BLAKE (*Spectator*):-
"This admirable history . . . excellently written and most entertaining."

***The Times Literary Supplement*:-**
"The subtle *ethos* of Albany itself penetrates the reader's consciousness."

***Manchester Guardian*:-**
"Several admirable portraits of bygone Albany inhabitants."

***Time and Tide*:-**
"The writing gives an effect of lightness and vivid historical picture-making . . . not only a delightful setting, but a wonderful cast."

***Scotsman*:-**
"She has caught and enclosed something of the distilled essence of London . . . more than delightful—fascinting."

Illustrated 25s.

HAMISH HAMILTON

There was the time Bobby Herman or Whit Hofman or Froggy Ogden – no one knew which – wanted to test a carboy of alcohol which Whit had bought. One of them (they were all very drunk at the time) touched a match to the alcohol to see if it was genuine, and a table, chairs, a bench, and part of a row of lockers were ruined or destroyed before the fire was extinguished . . . There was the hair-pulling, face-scratching episode between Kitty Hoffman and Mary Lou Diefenderfer, after Kitty heard that Mary Lou had said that Kitty ought to be suppressed by the vice squad . . . There was the time, the morning after a small, informal party for a visiting women's golf team, when a Mrs Goldorf and a Mrs Smith, and Tom Wilk, the Reverend Mr Wilk's son, and Sam Campbell, the caddymaster, all had to have the stomach pump.

Mr Marquand's *Life at Happy Knoll* is a good deal lighter in tone, with a Wodehousean cheeriness, but it offers plenty of satire. The letters are mostly from one of the club's board of governors to its President Emeritus. Scandals also form the main topic, with plenty about the attempts of the unscrupulous neighbouring club of Hard Hollow to seduce members away. Apart from the caddy crisis the great American way of life does not seem to have changed much in the thirty years:

I recall I told you to use the language of your age group and added that the younger generation were becoming a real problem at Happy Knoll. In fact, only that day Old Ned at the bar had suggested that it might be better at the young people's dances to serve young boys of fifteen slender shots of bourbon rather than to let them drink it privately behind the bushes of the parking area. . . . Rumour has it that one of the Gridley sisters whom you have always said were delightful girls attempted a strip-tease act on the diving boards . . . The customary allowance for wear and tear and breakage appears to have been inadequate. Two sofas caught afire, one by accident and one on purpose . . . Pete, the caddie master, who was kind enough to help the house staff during the latter part of the evening broke his arm in a friendly scuffle . . .

And so it goes on for one hundred and twenty seven pages of anthropological field work.

Mr Wagner has been mixing his colonies. For *Rage on the Bar* he has imported a Mau Mau type of terrorist cum mumbo-jumbo underground movement into a Caribbean island bossed by a peculiarly objectionable set of British blimps and one or two old island families. His hero, Philip Teal, the Governor's new ADC, is anti-blimp, a bit of an intellectual, and socially insecure yet can play a very creditable game of polo. He has a sultry afternoon love affair with Lady Leone Diehl, the local nymphomaniac, a brittle ash-blonde of extreme decadence. There is a good deal of violence and the thrillerish element is further stressed by the revelation that Gillams, the G3, who really runs the Governor, is a crypto-fascist who was a traitor during the war. In fact the book falls between stools. This does not prevent it from having plenty of entertainment value. Mr Wagner is good at action and descriptions of island scenery, and some of his dialogue is full of character. He ought to be able to write either an excellent thriller or a perfectly competent straight novel if he would make up his mind which he is doing and take rather more trouble with his construction.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

UNITED NATIONS

ECONOMIC SURVEY OF EUROPE IN 1957

A comprehensive analysis of developments in the European economies. Includes special studies of the international trade of European countries and of manpower and employment in eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. 400 pp.
28/- (29/9 incl. postage)

ECONOMIC SURVEY OF ASIA AND THE FAR EAST, 1957

A study of the main economic problems and trends in Asia and the Far East during 1957, including analyses of the problems of economic development encountered in the various countries during the postwar period. 275 pp.
18/- (19/3 incl. postage)

From:
H.M. Stationery Office, P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1. Information about other U.N. publications on request.

The Cry in the Cupboard

The Story of the Nursery. By MAGDALEN KING-HALL. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

Children as a race – for what else is one to call them, since they are not like other people? – have had a long, slow, voiceless struggle on the backstairs of history. Can it be that Miss King-Hall is their first social historian? There have been books about children's toys and clothes, their life and manners have been looked at in this century or that, and there have been a few, a very few, biographies; but the attempt to see them as beings with a continuous though changing place in social history is rarely made.

They are uncommunicative subjects. They leave no memoirs, keep no diaries, write no letters; or none, at least, that tells us more than that they wish for a wax doll when Papa comes home, or that the dormouse is dead. It is impossible to know what they felt or thought, whether they liked or disliked to be dressed as miniature adults, to wear a sword or an iron corset, to be given a frog in a muslin bag to suck, to be plunged first thing in the morning in icy water. They do not say. Our only view of them is in unnatural repose, motionless in the portrait; hawk on wrist or flower in hand, the children of past centuries look enigmatically at us from the canvas; they keep their own counsel.

This makes it very difficult to write about them, and accounts, no doubt, for a certain shapelessness, a seeming lack of direction and purpose, in the present volume. Should one take it century by century or by subjects – food, dress, nursery management, education and so forth? The author favours the chronological method, and this, though serviceable, makes for a kind of tedium, since cradles and binders and pap and purges recur century after century, so that one gets a sad and no doubt unfair idea of children in the past as of a mute and captive race, suffering, weeping, but never coherently complaining. In spite, however, of its rather hither-and-thither chatty method (the author loves to smother a nugget of sound quotation thus: 'This conjures up for me the picture of a seventeenth-century knot garden – its beds marked out in fantastic patterns with low hedges of sweet-briar, thrift and marjoram – there are clipped yew hedges, antique statues and a lily pond' etc., etc.) a sort of pattern of emancipation emerges, showing the slow, the pitifully slow advance of children through history, a rearguard action following the revolution of servants and then of women against masters', husbands' and fathers' God-given authority.

Of course children have been loved and cherished in every age, but it took them many centuries to escape from the beliefs that they were born solely to be a joy and credit to their parents, that childhood was something to be got through as quickly as possible, that God had a specially wrathful eye upon them, and that punishment was as much their natural diet as sopped bread. Can one read without anguish Lady Anne Lindsay's remembrance of her eighteenth-century home as 'a sort of little Bastille, in every closet of which was to be found a culprit, some were sobbing and repeating verbs, others eating their bread and water, some preparing themselves to be whipped'? Or that earlier letter from John Evelyn's brother, relating the death of his two-year-old daughter Elizabeth:

She never was sick, all her complaint was difficulty of breathing . . . I had the advice of a very able physician, Dr. Hailey . . . His judgement was that her iron bodice was her pain, and had hindered the lungs to grow, and truly the surgeon that surclothed her body found her breast bone pressed very deeply inwardly, and he said two of her ribs were broken, and the straightness of the bodice upon the vitals caused this difficulty of breathing and her death.

The tale is not all anguish, in spite of the corsets, bread and water and improving literature once thought indispensable for the young; there are rocking horses and sugar plums and Scots nannies in the story, the bright fires and warm flannel of the Victorian nursery. All the same, the lingering effect is one of guilt and sadness, for all the uncounted sobbings in dark cupboards, the years and years of unutterable tedium. 'They that go to bed without praying have the Devil for their bed-fellow.' (I quote from Thomas White, a kindly man, writing for children in the seventeenth century.) 'When you can read, read no ballads nor foolish books, but let your reading be the Bible . . . and get your father to buy you *The Practice of Piety*, Mr Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*, Allen's *Alarum to the Unconverted*, and Fox's *Book of Martyrs*.' No wonder the grown-up world seemed brilliant by comparison, and so many children went thankfully to heaven.

MARGARET LANE

Gramophone Records

SOME months ago I mentioned how disappointing for one reason or another are many of the recent recordings of Bach cantatas. Vanguard has now, however, issued two discs of a musical and technical quality that still complaint. A twelve-inch record contains two Christmas cantatas, 'Das neugeborne Kindelein' (No. 122) and 'Ich freue mich in Dir' (No. 133), while a ten-incher bears the Easter cantata, 'Christen ätzet diesen Tag' (No. 63). In all these performances Michael Gielen, who on a Vox disc recently showed himself so fine a Schoenbergian, reveals himself as an admirable conductor of Bach. From the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Vienna Chamber Choir he draws rhythms that are lively yet quite without that mechanical

effect with which some conductors seek to exorcise all trace of 'romanticism' from this dramatic music; textures are sensitively realised, balance is excellent and the manner in which the counterpoint is unfolded is very fine. Apart from a rather feathery soprano who reaches up to high notes in an ugly manner, the soloists are splendid and Hilde Rossl-Majdan deserves special mention. My only criticism is of the backward placing of the tenor in the trio of No. 122. These are deeply satisfying performances that combine stylistic authority with full realisation of the music's emotional content. In comparison Marcel Couraud's handling of the *Magnificat* and Cantata No. 31 on a Philips disc sounds sadly crude and hurried.

DGG has produced a good performance of the *Christmas Oratorio* on three Archive discs. Fritz Lehmann gets excellent playing from the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and the combined forces of the Berlin Motettenchor and the Radio Chamber Choir sing with a good quality of tone and admirable lucidity. Helmut Krebs handles the Evangelist's recitative with distinction, and, although the two ladies are no more than passable, the bass is the reliable Rehfuss. If there is nothing really outstanding about this, the sound and lively style of the performance and a very good recording make it most acceptable.

When I reviewed Horenstein's performance of the Mozart *Requiem Mass* on a Vox disc a year ago, I was much impressed by its vigour and lucidity. The same virtues are again evident in his performance on Vox of the *Vesperæ Solemnæ de Confessore* and the *Mass in C* (K317). He emphasises the formal grandeur and sheer musical strength of the Vespers, the Viennese choir and orchestra are excellent, and so are the soloists, with Wilma Lipp and Christa Ludwig in particularly good form. The recording is a bit steely, but a little treble filtering makes it sound quite comfortable. Yet doubts began to arise in the Mass. It is all very invigorating, but there is precious little light and grace in the fierce rather Beethovenian treatment that Horenstein accords the music, and more than a trace of brutality.

By the time that I had played the opening Kyrie of a performance of the *Requiem Mass* conducted by Beecham on a well recorded Fontana disc, these doubts suddenly crystallised, for Beecham's handling of the music is so much more sheerly *beautiful*. In spite of various orchestral retouchings and moments that are, perhaps, a little mannered, here are all the grace and sweetness that Horenstein misses, coupled with no less sure a grasp of the music's unfolding form. Although the bass is rather mediocre, Beecham's quartet of soloists is the equal of Horenstein's more famous Viennese names; and although they occasionally seem to lose tone in the extremely soft singing Beecham often demands of them, the BBC Chorus sing well and the RPO is excellent. The balance and perspective of this record seem to me more ingratiating than that of the Vox disc, if not quite so lucid.

The new Vanguard recording of Haydn's *Creation* is not the equal of the excellent Markevitch performance on three DGG discs. None the less, it has certain points in its favour. Mogen Wöldike's performance is fitted on two discs, although at the expense of a good deal of pre-echo and of a recording that is a little coarse-grained in comparison to DGG's. Then in Anton Dermota, who gives a remarkably fine performance, it has a decidedly superior tenor; it also has separate singers for the small parts of Adam and Eve, whereas DGG doubles these with the main roles. And although Wöldike does not achieve the polish and finesse of Markevitch, his performance has a robust vigour that is not inappropriate here. But the orchestra, choir and two of the three soloists on DGG are appreciably superior.

Of two recent recordings of Haydn's *Nelson Mass*, I prefer Mario Rossi's handling of the score on a Vanguard disc. This is admittedly not a particularly vivid performance, but although Steinberg (Record Society) gets more intensity of feeling in isolated passages, and rather more lucidity in the choral singing, Rossi's interpretation is sounder and more sustained, and he gains in slightly better soloists, a bigger choir and superior balance between choir and orchestra. While the Vanguard recording is rather dead and heavy, its faults are in this music less obtrusive than the somewhat steely and shallow sound of the Record Society disc, which also suffers from a bad patch of pitch variation at the end of the first side. Before leaving Haydn, mention must be made of an attractive Decca MP disc, containing the fine Scena di Berenice and the Quoniam and Laudamus Te from the *St Cecilia Mass*. Jennifer Vyvyan opens the former rather unsteadily, but thereafter she gives a highly accomplished and musical performance and the excerpts from the Mass are sung with fine style and precision. She is most sensitively accompanied by Newstone, who gets finished playing from the Haydn Orchestra. The recording is very good.

I cannot think why Rossini's *Stabat Mater* is generally held in such low esteem and so rarely given. An outstanding performance on DGG, in which Fricsay conducts the Berlin Radio Orchestra and the choir of St Hedwig's Cathedral and the Motettenchor, shows this to be music of singular beauty and grace, written with consummate mastery. Nor is it so superficial as one might suppose: the 'Quand Corpus morietur' is a striking meditation on death. Stader sings with great purity of tone and line, and if Haefliger is a bit too German in style for this music, his performance is none the less accomplished. An excellent recording, which previously stretched over three sides, has now been fitted comfortably on a single disc. Liszt's *Psalm 13* was no doubt more advanced and adventurous for its day than Rossini's score, but I would hesitate on that account to pronounce it superior. On Columbia Beecham draws a beautifully shaped performance in English from the RPO and his own choral society. Walter Midgley gives a fine account of the solo tenor part, but the recording is a bit backward and lacks immediacy and weight at climaxes. The other side carries a good performance of Brahms's *Song of Destiny* again in English and a rousing account of the *Academic Festival Overture*.

Considering the abilities of Munch and the Boston Orchestra, a two-disc RCA recording of Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ* is not as markedly superior to Scherman's account on Philips as one might expect. Certainly it is far finer orchestrally, more brilliant, elegant and colourful. But Munch's choir often sounds tentative and is recorded too far back, whereas Scherman gets firm, confident choral singing. Munch's soloists are perhaps better by a short head, but although the RCA recording is more spacious, it is hard on the voices and strings and needs a good deal of filtering. The Philips recording may be relatively old and constricted but it is more comfortable. It is also somewhat cheaper. Bruckner's liturgical music is perhaps the finest that the nineteenth century produced. His *Mass in E minor* is a work of extraordinary power and originality and an HMV disc containing this and the later *Te Deum* fills a bad gap in the catalogues. Both works are extremely well sung and played by the Choir of St Hedwig's Cathedral and the woodwind and brass of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. The conductor is Karl Forster, whose interpretation is in places a bit lacking in drive and momentum. The soloists in the *Te Deum* are adequate and although the climaxes do not have much weight, the quality of the recording is good.

A recent DGG coupling brings together two extremely fine pieces of twentieth-century choral music: Kodály's *Psalmus Hungaricus* and Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms*. Fricsay gets a most gripping performance of the former from the Berlin Radio Orchestra and Choirs and the recording is first-rate. But the Stravinsky is given a wretchedly ponderous, uncompelling rendering.

Pye has recorded on two discs Tippett's oratorio *A Child of Our Time* and the Ritual Dances from *The Midsummer Marriage*. In comparison with the imaginative power and the originality of the dances, the oratorio now sounds a rather immature and unequal work, in which passages of singular beauty lie alongside others that are almost banal. What lifts the work above the sum of its parts is Tippett's ability to convey his compassion for human suffering and yet to place it in a framework of the cycle of life and death. It is given what is in the main a very satisfying performance by the Liverpool Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra under John Pritchard. Apart from a mediocre bass the soloists are good, and Elsie Morison and Richard Lewis sing particularly well. The performance of the dances is altogether admirable: Pritchard gets lucid and eloquent playing from the Covent Garden Orchestra. The recording of the oratorio is at a rather low level of power, but is otherwise clear and brilliant. The dances are extremely well recorded.

A well recorded DGG Archive disc contains de Machaut's superb *Messe de Notre Dame* and ten well contrasted secular pieces, all excellently

HAYDN

Concerto in C for Harpsichord
Concerto in F for Harpsichord and Violin

Helma Elsner, harpsichord
Reinhold Barchet, violin
Pro Musica Chamber Orchestra, Stuttgart
Rolf Reinhardt, conductor

PL 10,300

'The performance is very good. The soloists are excellent, the orchestra plays with plenty of spirit and good ensemble, the tempi are well chosen, the cadenzas unexceptionable, the general sense of style admirable.'

Charles Cudworth in RECORD NEWS, July 1958

VOX

performed by the Pro Musica Antiqua of Brussels under Safford Cape. A little Archive seven-incher contains two of Schütz's fine *Symphoniae Sacrae*, resolutely if a little roughly sung by Greindl accompanied by some good trombones. The sound is satisfactory. Argo have completed their recordings of good performances by Michael Howard's Renaissance Singers of Byrd's Masses with a disc containing the *Mass in Three Voices* coupled with two motets. The recording is excellent.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,483 **Set by Minster Lovell**

Competitors are invited to submit an extract from newspaper reports or comments on the State Visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon in the manner of *The Times*, NEW STATESMAN (Critic), *Daily Telegraph* (Peterborough), *Daily Express*, or *Woman*. Limit 150 words; entries by 12 August.

Result of No. 1,480 **Set by Buzfuz**

A cat, we are told, may look at a king. Competitors are invited to supply an extract from a book on Etiquette for the Animal World. Limit – 150 words.

Report

Few competitors displayed much originality or, for that matter, wit. Hints were directed chiefly at cats and dogs, but many entrants seemed unable to sustain their inventiveness in relation to one species, and ranged widely over the animal kingdom, drawing extensively upon proverbs in the process. There were a few excursions into verse – not especially successful, though I liked B. M. Vanstone's Advice to Elephants:

When you've assumed a pale pink hue,
Kindly revert as chameleons do.

Vera Telfer suggested that 'Sex is no longer fashionable for cats and it is U to be neuter though exceptions are made for county families', while Ernest Millard told horses that 'If horse-marines are present never tell them anything. They may take offence?' To pigs Rhoda Tuck Pook said 'When poked with a stick, conceal your annoyance; there is evidence that such titillation affords sensuous gratification to the human concerned.' And 'a dog,' commented R. A. McKenzie, 'should always remember that his conduct in company will soon stamp him as P or non-P'.

I recommend prizes of two guineas each to B. Sabine, Granville Garley and James S. Fidgen. Runners-up are Nancy Gunter, D. M. Pulsford, Gloria Prince and H. A. C. Evans; while W. M. Gadd, Vera Telfer and Jub-jub are also commended.

From COURTESY FOR COBRAS

1. It is always permissible to offer apples to a lady, but not to a man. Let the lady persuade him if necessary.
2. When assisting a queen to commit suicide bite deep at the breast or it may be necessary to call in a confrère to attack, say, the arm. (Asps please note.)
3. Aquatic serpents may assail Trojan priests, but it is advisable to finish off the children as well in case they seek revenge.
4. If an adder wishes to multiply it should do so by logs.
5. If captured and deposited in a wicker basket, it may be necessary to sway and gyrate to the public amusement if your captor places a pipe to his lips, despite the hideous sounds which emerge.
6. To boas: if placed round a lady's neck, constrict her.

B. SABINE

HOW DO YOU RANK WITH HUMANS?

All animals are unequal, but some are more unequal than others. The following Table of Precedence operates on all occasions when humans are present:

1. Show Jumping Horses.
2. Ponies.
3. Racehorses.
4. Knacker-bound Irish traffic (if reported in the *Manchester Guardian*).
5. French poodles, chihuahuas and corgis.
6. *Daily Mirror*/TV mongrels.
7. High-priced bulls for export.
8. Siamese cats (owned by writer or other 'personality').
9. Circus-act monkeys dressed as boys or girls.
10. All other animals whatsoever, unless they hit the headlines via the RSPCA, in which case they move up one class.

NB. The young of certain Zoo animals rank with Class 6 from time to time, *but only so long as they remain cubs.*

GRANVILLE GARLEY

From ETIQUETTE FOR THE DISCRIMINATING CAT

. . . when the meal is to be served, the occasional purr appassionato tremolando is permissible, and one may rub oneself discreetly against the Caterer's legs. But do not overdo it: plaintive mewing is to be eschewed. As milk is being poured, keep the head well out of the way, and the paws out of the saucer. Lap slowly from the edge and spill as little as possible. Nowadays a plain bowl is preferable to those non-U ones marked CAT, DOG, PRESENT FROM WIGAN or, worse still, BABY.

Should the Caterer proffer anything *cooked by herself*, leave it, tactfully, down the garden for those revolting strays. That should teach them. You may remedy the consequent calory deficiency by a makeshift, self-service snack, say, a mouse *surprise* or a bird *natur*. This should be taken, not in the house, but running-buffet style.

JAMES S. FIDGEN

Company Meeting

SMITH'S POTATO CRISPS

The twenty-ninth ordinary general meeting of Smith's Potato Crisps Ltd was held on July 30 in London.

Mr F. Le Neve-Foster, chairman, in the course of his speech, said:—

The Net Profit of the Group, before taxation, amounts to £1,021,533 compared with the corresponding figure for the previous year of £877,302, an increase of approximately 16 per cent.

We have again established new records of production and sales, and turnover has been increased, both in number of packets of Crisps sold and figures realised, by more than 10 per cent. The growth of sales during the last ten years indeed has been remarkable; the 540,000,000 packets sold in 1957/58 being considerably more than three times the number sold in 1947/48, when the figure was 168,000,000.

The directors recommend a final dividend of 20 per cent. plus a cash bonus of 7½ per cent. on the enlarged issued capital. This makes a total of 40 per cent for the year.

Our new Corby factory was completed during the year and has proved to be a great success both in production and for purposes of distribution, so much so that we decided to increase it by the erection of another bay.

QUALITY IS THE KEYNOTE

The demand for our product continues to grow even with the larger production we can now supply. Quality is the keynote of our policy and we pay the greatest attention to all matters which are necessary to maintain it, using only high quality potatoes and the finest ingredients at all stages of processing. I make no apologies for repeating our slogan, 'There are no Crisps like Smith's Crisps'. To the public, Crisps usually means Smith's Crisps.

There seems no doubt that the housewife is using Smith's Crisps more and more as a household food apart from the snack, picnic and bar business. The report was adopted and the dividend and cash bonus, as recommended, were approved.

City Lights

TV and HP

There is nothing very startling in the idea of a merger between Moss Empires and Stoll Theatres. One owns the Palladium and the Hippodrome (with various provincial theatres), the other the Coliseum, the Aldwych and Drury Lane (with various provincial theatres); both, moreover, have Prince Littler for chairman. It was the timing of the announcement that merger talks are taking place which intrigued the City. The assets of Moss Empires include a large interest, direct and indirect, in Associated TeleVision – of which Prince Littler happens also to be chairman.

Commercial television is now beginning to pay handsomely. ATV's own report for the year to end-April showed a gross profit of over £4m – more than enough to wipe out accumulated losses. The chairman of Rediffusion has just told shareholders that the profits of Associated-Rediffusion are now commensurate with previous losses – 'in more colloquial language, your company has backed a winner'. The programme companies as a whole are thought to have made a profit of £12m or more out of last year's operations and it is certain that their affairs are now meat for investors as well as for politicians. Until now it has been impossible to take a direct interest in the programme companies, whose shares are privately held and unquoted, and investors have had to make do with companies – like Moss Empires and Rediffusion – which have a substantial shareholding in them. During the past week or two, however, dealings have taken place under a special procedure and on a fairly large scale in the non-voting Ordinary of Associated TeleVision; the price has risen steadily and people have begun to wonder whether an official quotation for them might not come a good deal earlier than expected.

* * *

Hire-purchase, as well as commercial television, is booming on the Stock Exchange. It has been expected for some time that the banks would begin to take an open interest in HP as soon as the moral pressure of the credit squeeze was relaxed. British bankers, for all their starchiness, can no longer ignore the fact that HP is not only rapidly growing and financially sound but extremely profitable. The Commercial Bank of Scotland pioneered the road several years ago and there have been previous suggestions that other banks have since followed this precedent more surreptitiously.

Barclays now proposes to buy 1m. shares in United Dominions Trust – one of the largest and best-established (Grandma helped to start it) of the HP finance companies. This step will obviously provide strong support for UDT's financial position, and HP shares in general are reflecting investors' hopes that other banks and finance houses will follow suit. It is not certain, however, that this development – which follows the Australian precedent: in America the banks do their own HP business directly – will stimulate the sort of competition which might encourage business by reducing the middleman's margin. Nor is it certain that it will go through without at least a faint protest from UDT's present shareholders. It is bad enough that their Board should agree to give a single person a quarter of the shares – and the votes – in their company without consulting them. It is worse still that it should let the new shares go at a price more than 20 per cent. below the market price of the old.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 455. A Game of Chance

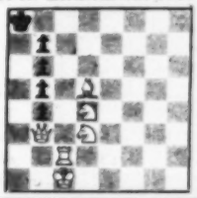
Whoever denies that chess *can* be a game of chance has never played it in the pleasingly soothing Mediterranean climate favoured by our friend (and Hon. Juror) Harold Lommer, nor conceded the odds of a R quite as rashly as he is apt to do. **A** is a position reached on such an occasion. Did Harold see a brilliancy coming? Of course not. He just played on, making the natural moves and, lo and behold, there *was* a mate in 6. My offer of 5 ladder-points for this is quite as generous as the 6 for **B**; or thrice 2, to be exact for this is a multiple problem; a mate in 2, as it stands, a 3-mover when removing the White P, and a 4-mover when removing both the White P and the Black RP. So far so good, and even the 7 points for **C** should be a generous rate for the job, to say the least. Unlike the customary suimate, traditional by now on a holiday weekend, this is a sui-stalemate. It's an 8-mover, meaning that White must force Black to stalemate him on the 8th move. Now, as for **D**, this (for some reason, unknown to me) is meant to symbolise the pipe smoked by good old Phillip Stamma in the mid-18th century. It is pretty to look at, and a mate in 16 would seem to be easy enough. But, alas, there are some nasty strings attached. The K must be mated on a8, and the mate must be administered by the B; that fleetfooted cleric must never leave his place, nor must any of the pawns be captured. Enough, I suppose, to make some competitors wonder why there couldn't be some easier way of earning an honest 8 ladder-points on so hot and cloudless a day as I would expect on an August bank holiday while writing this on a bitterly cold day in June, with a rainstorm pounding my window. **E** and **F** (for 9 and 10 points) are uncommonly fine endgame studies, both wins achieved by some remarkable 'under-promotion.' Usual prizes. Entries by 11 August.

A: H. Lommer 1947

B: G. Sütterlein 1907

C: W. Shinkman 1909

D: A. Lichtenstein 1910



E: V. Bron 1931

F: W. Korolkov 1929

REPORT on No. 452. Set 12 July

A: (1) BxP ch, KxB; (2) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-Kt3; (3) Q-B2 ch, K-R4; (4) Q-R7 ch, K-Kt5; (5) P-B3 ch, K-Kt6; (6) Kt-K2 ch, KxP; (7) Kt-B4 ch, KxR; (8) K-B2 ch, K-R7 ;(9) R-R1 ch, KxR; (10) Q-Kt1 ch, K-R7; (11) Q-KKt1 mate.

B: (1) Kt-K3 ch, K-Q5; (2) RxP, B-Q6 ch; (3) K-Kt4, BxR; (4) Kt-B2 ch, K-Q6; (5) B-Kt6 mate.

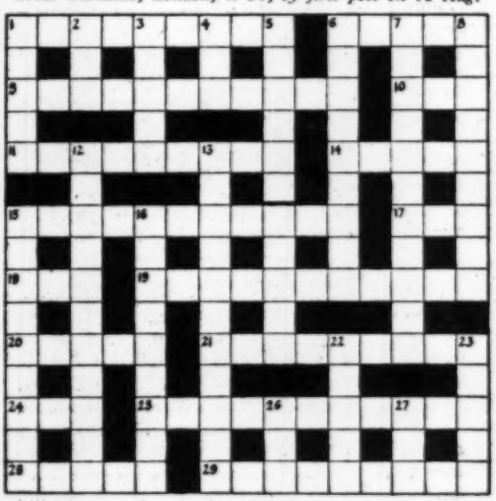
C: (1) P-R4 ch! (KxP?), KxP; (2) KxP, P-Kt4; (3) K-Q4! K-R4; (4) P-K4, K-Kt3; (5) K-Q5! P-Kt5; (6) KxP, PxP; (7) KxBP, K-B4; (8) K-Q3!, K-Q3; (9) K-Q4, K-K3; (10) P-K5, K-K2; (11) K-Q5, K-Q2; (12) P-K6 ch, K-K2; (13) K-K5, K-Q1; (14) K-Q6, K-K1; (15) P-K7, P-Kt3!, (16) K-K6!!, P-Kt4; (17) K-Q6, P-Kt5; (18) K-B5, KxP; (19) KxP, K-Q3; (20) KxP, K-B4; (21) K-R4! etc.

As for **A**, practically any solution of that (far from flawless) trifle rates full marks. Quite a few stumped by **C**. Prizes: G. Abrahams, E. Allan, J. G. Lloyd, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 314

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 314, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 12 Aug.



ACROSS

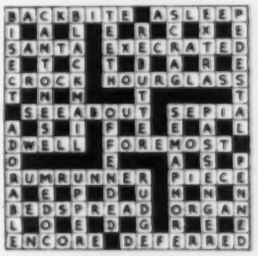
1. They are dealers even if beheaded (9).
6. He was bound to turn for ever (5).
9. Paid a shilling perhaps and turned out to be critically received (11).
10. Vessel which would be enormous if it contained a second (3).
11. An act with a piece of furniture, it goes round (9).
14. Italian politician in a linen nightshirt (5).
15. Little people for the mixed pure, clean high school (11).
17. Charm for a sash (3).
18. The man to do a respectful thing (3).
19. Union vehicle (11).
20. Precipitation with a Shavian heroine (5).
21. Historians have the answer about the Stalin enigma (9).
24. A princess in Maida Vale (3).
25. Hobby enthusiast has a letter with a recent catalogue (11).
28. Stopped minus a hundred and relaxed (5).
29. Exists in Germany among the workers or clergy (9).

DOWN

1. The young man is a rotter to start with (5).
2. This animal is scientific if British (3).
3. Headquarters drank up (5).
4. 'Better to —— with Pope, than shine with Pye' (Byron) (3).
5. Country for decisive defeat in a few games of tennis before marriage (6, 5).
6. Republic for individuals entering another country (9).
7. Lists among venerable party politicians (11).
8. 'To draw ——, propagate, and rot' (Pope) (9).
12. Oriental people come into the right answer for friends of twenty-seven (11).
13. Unconventionality may make the Isle of Man banish me (11).
15. A rake, the composer gets into a row (9).
16. Fastened together what was clean broken and hurried (9).
22. This team is at the head of the table, by the sound of it (5).
23. A union fixed up gives satisfaction (5).
26. In bed she is not allowed (3).
27. Statesman the majority said they liked (3).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 312



BACKBITE ASLEEP
IAL ERCXE
SANTA EXECRATED
ETC TBARE
CROCK HOURGLASS
TMM T T
SEEABOUT SEPIA
ASIFEEAL
DWELL FOREMOST
O E ASP
RUMRUNNER PIECE
AEPDU MNN
BEDSPREAD ORGAN
LOEDG REE
ENCORE DEFERRED

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 312

Mrs E. S. Ahlmann (Shaldon)
Rev A. S. Valle (Bicester)
Mrs H. Mundy (London, N10)

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors. Novels, plays, poetry, etc. Editing by expd writer, Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, SW1. ABB. 3772. Rush jobs.

SUSAN Tully Secretarial Service. Complete range high quality typewriting, duplicating. 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN. 9893.

VERY experienced ex-UN Secretary willing undertake any kind of typing. Apply Mary Leech, 6 Venn Crescent, Hartley, Plymouth.

DUPLICATING, Typewriting & all secretarial Services. Circularising. Dictation by telephone. Music copying. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS., Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Collnad Co., Ltd, 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplication service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat, Ltd. 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

WHERE TO STAY

KESWICK. Visit Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful scenery, good food. Tel. 508.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

BROCKHAM End. Cotswolds 4½ miles Bath. Fine views, grounds, squash court. Fully furnished all-electric luxury flats to sleep 2-3 people. From 1 gn. a day for short periods, less by the month. Phone Bath 7116.

BOURNEMOUTH. Hinton Wood Hotel, East Overcliff. The Small Hotel in 2 acres of gardens and woodland right on the sea front. Catering especially for families with small children and babies. All facilities including nightly baby minding. Vacancies from 2 August. 13½ gns. per week. Brochure from Major G. Gilbert. Phone B'mouth 5936.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms, 150 yards sea front, Gdns, Putting green, Garages. Superlative food. 23 Aug. 10½ gns, 30 10 gns.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. hg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 12 miles Eastbourne. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

WINCHESTER.—Ideal accommodation for the discriminating visitor who appreciates good food and willing service in attractive surroundings. Chantry Mead Guest House, Bereweeke Road. Tel. 2767.

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house in lovely surroundings 7-7½ gns. Reduction children, also students willing give some help. 'Steanbridge,' nr Stroud, Glos.

CHILTERNS Holidays en famille in 16th c house near W. Wycombe, Bucks. Large garden, babies & children welc. Box 2229.

ROMAN Holiday. Accommodation in private apartment near Colosseum. Room and breakfast 23s. Countess Widman, Via Marco Aurelio 42, Rome.

PARIS Pension, 75 Rue Cardinal Lemoine 5e. Full pensions 35s., half pension 28s. Quiet, good cuisine, recommended.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel. HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders, 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

MIDDLE East Crisis, special number of Labour Monthly includes: 'Cyprus Tory Colonialism Exposed', by Clive Evatt, QC; 'Gunboats Off the Lebanon', by A. Masri: 'Hands Off the Middle East', by R. Palme Dutt. 1s. 8d. post free. 9s. half-yearly, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'THE Week', the brilliant survey in The Observer every Sunday, that gives you a clear perspective on a whole week's news in 15 minutes easy reading. Let The Observer put the world in your hands on Sunday.

'NUDES of Jean Straker'—illustrated leaflet for s.a.e. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Square, London, W1.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

BOOK bargains, fiction and non-fiction. Lists free. Pall Mall Books, 1 Royal Opera Arcade, Pall Mall, SW1.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner AMB. 1564 or write Box 8155.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

If you've an instinct for the Voice of Fate,
And know precisely what Time's forelock's for;
Then telephon: us NOW and make a date;
THIS IS ST. STEPHEN'S KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!
. . . and, if you have all the secretarial accomplishments pat, we can offer you an excellent choice of posts at starting salaries of £550/£600, and all the opportunities an ambitious girl could desire. THE ST. STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

DO YOU HATE THE 9-5 SUBTOPIAN ROUTINE?
Extensive travel in U.K. and on the Continent combined with nearly astronomical income is the fate of our successful salesmen. We sell a really first-class educational programme to American service families all over the world. You don't need any previous experience, but if you know you can succeed at whatever you do, write, giving full resumé of previous successes, to Box 2298.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Lectureship in Oriental Studies. Applications are invited for the above position. The successful applicant will be required to teach modern and classical Japanese. A knowledge of Chinese will be regarded as an additional qualification. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 – 90 – £2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, WC1. Closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia & London, is 15 August, 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, New Zealand. Lecturer in German. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in German in the Department of Modern Languages. Applicants should be Honours graduates in German studies of some British Commonwealth or foreign University. The appointee will be required to teach Linguistics and Literature, with some Philology. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 31 August, 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer in French. Applications are invited for this position in the Department of Modern Languages. Applicants should be Honours graduates in French studies of some British Commonwealth or foreign University, preferably with some previous experience of University teaching and administration. The appointee will be required to teach Linguistics and Literature, with some Philology. Special qualifications in either medieval or modern studies will be acceptable. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,315 per annum, rising by annual increments to £1,615 per annum, and an allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 30 September 1958.

MIDDLESEX County Council—County Health Department. Psychiatric Social Workers for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service, reqd initially in East Division, Tottenham; West Division, Yiewsley; and Central Division, Willesden. Good office accom. and clerical assistance available. Position offers scope and interest in this field of psychiatric social work. P.T.A. quals and salary. Established, subject to medical assessment. Prescribed conditions. Car allowance considered. Apply, stating age, quals, exper. and names of two referees, to County Medical Officer (Ref. 'S'), 3, 5 and 7 Old Queen Street, SW1, by 28 August. (Quote X.890, NS.) Canvassing disqualifies.

VOCATIONAL Guidance – The VGA Scheme offers a unique answer to the problem of planning a career. Apply Secretary, The Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. (WELbeck 8017.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Assistant Lecturer in Classics. Applications are invited for the above position. Candidates should have a first class Honours degree in Classics. A special interest in language would be an advantage, though not an essential qualification. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £780 per annum, rising by annual increments to £880 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 31 August, 1958.

AUSTRALIA. University of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in Government. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200—80—£2,550 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,500—90—£2,100 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustment will be allowed. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 22 August 1958.

AUSTRALIA. University of Sydney. Lectureship in Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500—90—£2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 22 August 1958.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Classics. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary will be £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 30 September 1958.

AUSTRALIA—Canberra University College. Applications are invited for appointment to the posts of: Senior Lecturer in Law; Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in History; Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Japanese. Salary range: Senior Lecturer – £A2,100-£2,500 p.a.; Lecturer – £A1,450-£2,050 p.a. Annual increments are £80 for Senior Lecturers, £75 for Lecturers. Commencing salary within the range will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the applicant. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 25 August 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Lectureship in Physiology. Applications are invited for the above position. Salary: £A1,550-£2,050 per annum. General information and conditions of appointment should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 22 September 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Senior Lecturer and Lecturer in Economics. Applications are invited for the above positions. Salary for a Senior Lecturer is £A2,150-£2,500 per annum, and for a Lecturer £1,550-£2,050 per annum. General information and conditions of appointment should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 22 September 1958.

INTERNATIONAL trade union organisation in London has vacancy for office worker, m. or f., for translation, research and editorial work. Permanent post. Required: German Mothertongue, knowledge of other languages; good general education, preferably some university training; able to type; trade union membership. Please write, with full particulars and salary required, enclosing specimen translation of an article from this issue of the N.S., to Box 2164.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lecturer in English. Applications are invited for the above position in the Department of English Language and Literature. Applicants should have an Honours degree or a higher degree in English Language and Literature. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50, to £1,275 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in New Zealand and London, is 15 September 1958.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Lectureship in French. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500—£90—£2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 22 August 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Lectureship in Classics and Ancient History. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should hold an honours degree in Latin and/or Greek and qualifications in Ancient History would be an added advantage. Salary range: £A1,550 to £2,050 p.a. General information and conditions of appointment should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 22 September 1958.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand, T.G. Macarthy Chair of Economics. Applications are invited for this Chair, which will become vacant at the end of 1958 through the retirement of the present holder, Professor H. Belshaw. The salary will be at the rate of £2,190 per annum, and an allowance is made towards the cost of travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 30 September, 1958.

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Professor of Classics from January 1959. The salary scale is £1,400 × £50 – £1,850 p.a., plus in the case of married persons only, a variable cost-of-living allowance, at present £234 p.a. Previous experience and academic qualifications may be taken into account in fixing the commencing salary. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in South Africa and London, is 1 September 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureship in Philosophy. The Council invites applications for a Lectureship in Philosophy. The salary scale for the position is £1,025 per annum, rising by three annual increments to £1,275 per annum, and an allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 15 September 1958.

A JOINT Committee of The National Association of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies (Incorporated) and the Central After-Care Association has been appointed to consider applications and to make recommendations for the appointment to the joint position of General Secretary of The National Association and Director of the Men's Division of the Central After-Care Association. The former Association co-ordinates the work of voluntary Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, and the latter deals with the statutory after-care of certain categories of men released from prison. Administrative capacity and related experience and qualifications in social work are essential. Candidates should be male and at least 35 years of age. Commencing salary £1,929. Particulars and forms on which applications must be made are obtainable from NADPAS/CACA, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1, and must be submitted not later than 15 August, 1958. Canvassing in any form will disqualify.

MARKET Research Interviewers (full-time), living in the London area, are required by B.M.R.B. Ltd. Applicants aged 25/40 reasonably free of domestic ties and able to travel extensively, should write at once to the Personnel Officer, 51 Grosvenor Street, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TECHNICAL Abstractor required by British Aluminium Company for Intelligence Dept., at Head Office (London SW1). Age approx. 25. Minimum standard GCE (A) or HNC, in Physical Sciences or Metallurgy, but graduate with some experience preferred. Write stating qualifications (incl. languages) to Box S281, LPE, Romano House, 399/401 Strand, London, WC2.

COMPUTRESS. A small group engaged in statistical research at a well-known American University seeks a capable computress who wishes to move at her own expense to the United States. The post involves the opportunity to employ, and if necessary to be instructed in the use of, a medium-sized electronic computer. Send details of experience and references to Box 2264.

GUILD of Insurance Officials invites applications for the position of London Branch Secretary. Resident in London. Age 25-35. Duties: Trade Union organisation, committee work, public speaking. Salary according to age and experience. Write with details of qualifications, etc., to 27 Basinghall Street, EC2, marked 'Application London Secretary'.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Committee. County Educational Psychologist reqd. Honours degree in Psychology or equiv. & teaching exper. Recognised Clinical Training & prev. exper. as Educational Psychologist essential. Salary Soulbury III for Educational Psychologists £1,400-£1,675 (Male), £1,319 9s.-£1,570 17s. (female). Prescribed conditions. Application forms & further particulars from Chief Education Officer (Ref. (GP)), 10, Great George Street, SW1, returnable by 16 August (Quote X939 NSN). Canvassing disqualifies.

SURREY County Council invite applications from experienced almoners or other social workers for post of Deputy Care Organiser in the Health Department who will be required to devote half time to helping the Care Organiser at County Hall with administration and co-ordination of schemes for the tuberculous and the prevention of break-up of families, and half time to case work for the prevention of break-up of families in the adjacent Health Division of the County where he/she will act as social worker to the Divisional Medical Officer. The post offers wide scope for central organisation of a developing social service in the County together with medical social case work in the field. Whitley Council conditions of service and salary scales up to that for qualified almoner-in-sole-charge £565-£740 per annum plus £30 London Weighting and £50 for central office duties. Applications with names of 3 referees to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames (Kingston 1050 Extension 132) by 13 September.

THE University Settlement, Liverpool. Applications are invited for the following appointments: (i) York House Boys' Club. Leader required for this well-equipped club housed in its own extensive and specially designed premises. Its work is closely linked with that of the adjacent University Settlement and affords considerable opportunities for a man with initiative and an awareness of current social problems. Degree or Diploma essential. Initial salary in the range £550-£750 plus accommodation and board valued at £150 p.a. (ii) Adventure Playground. A two-year appointment as Leader/Organiser of a well-established Children's Adventure Playground involving organisation and development of associated community activities during winter months. A man or woman capable of imagination, adaptability and enthusiasm required. Social Science training desirable but not essential. Salary within the range £400-£550 plus accommodation and board valued at £150. Full particulars of these appointments from: The Warden, University Settlement, Nile Street, Liverpool 1.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Child Care Officer. Applications are invited from men for appointment as Child Care Officer (probably based in Colchester) Aptd. I. Commencing salary not less than £635 for suitably qualified candidate. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and supervision of older boys, and attendance at juvenile courts. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Scheme of Conditions of Service for APT and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than 16 August 1958. Canvassing forbidden.

ONE woman with the right approach is needed to play her part in caring for delicate boys and girls at a boarding special school in a pleasant and well-appointed country mansion near Horsham, Sussex. A salary of £437 10s-£512 10s is offered. Excellent accommodation including a comfortably furnished separate bedroom and staff sitting room, together with full board and laundry, is provided at an inclusive annual charge of £128 8s. Write immediately to the Education Officer (Estab. 6/144/D), County Hall, London, SE1.

WELL-known progressive boarding-school needs teachers for Eng., Hist., French, Geography; late September. Box 2426.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council, Children's Committee. Experienced Houseparents (married couple) between ages of 25 and 45 required to take charge of easily run Children's Home for eleven children of all ages. Certificate in Child Care or Social Science desirable. Resident Assistant Housemother and adequate daily domestic help. No accommodation for officers' children. Salaries:— Housefather – £465 × £20 to £545 per annum. Housemother – £415 × £20 to £495 per annum – plus qualification allowance of £25 per annum each if appropriate. Less £116 p.a. each for emoluments. Write to Mrs M. R. Spence, Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham for application forms and further particulars, quoting Est. 91. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

FOUNTAIN Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Supervisor of the School Department in the Ellen Terry Home, Wray Park Road, Reigate, which accommodates 50 blind mentally defective children. The post is non-resident and the salary scale is £560 rising to £665 per annum. Applications, stating age, experience, qualifications and the names and addresses of two referees, to Organiser of Occupation Centres, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s 8d per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

THE National Association for Mental Health, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex. Relief Instructress required at the above School which accepts girls of reasonably good intelligence who are in need of psychiatric treatment. Salary scales, which include equal pay increments, according to experience and qualifications. Board/lodging is provided at a charge of £120 per annum. Enquiries to The Correspondent to Duncroft, 39 Queen Anne Street, W1.

TRAINED Social Worker required October. Salary according to experience. Full particulars and Form of Application from The Secretary, Devonian Orthopædic Association, 59 Wonford Road, Exeter.

HOUSEPARENTS required, spastic residential centre. Good living conditions. Full social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd, Croydon. ADD. 2310.

MARKET Investigations Limited have vacancies for full-time women interviewers, preferably graduates, to work independently on a wide variety of surveys. Any previous experience of interviewing is less important than the ability to handle people sympathetically and an interest in experimental techniques. The posts are based on London but involve some travelling for which generous allowances are paid. Please write, with full details, to S. J. Orwell, Director, Market Investigations Ltd., 23 Fitzroy Street, London, W1.

BBC urgently requires Dictation Typists with minimum speed of 45 w.p.m., for work in Bush House and Central London News Rooms. Minimum starting salary £8 14s. Good spelling, interest in current affairs, alert mind. Pension Scheme. Good Canteen and Club facilities. Write to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, marking applics. SC.743, N. Stm.

OFFICE Supervisor wanted for small general office. Permanent, pensionable post, commencing salary £600 per annum rising to £650 per annum. Good annual holiday and sick pay conditions. Apply to the General Secretary, Sutton House, 2/4, Homerton High Street, London, E9.

TEMPORARY experienced Receptionist wanted in British Council Residence, 35/39 Queen's Gardens, W2, to help with influx of new overseas students for coming University year. A strenuous but worthwhile 6/8 weeks job from 25 August; £8 a week non-resident. Split duty rota. Apply immediately to Assistant Warden.

EXPERIENCED Secretary/Shorthand-Typist for University Professor. Considerable initiative and sense of responsibility necessary. Only applicants with ambition, intelligence and education need apply. Please send particulars, in writing, to Dr. A. P. D. Thomson, Anatomy Department, Medical School, Birmingham 15.

EXPANDING West End & Hampstead Secretarial College requires Part/or Full/time Secretaries with good speeds willing to teach sec. subjects & English. Must be efficient and adaptable, knowledge French desirable. Box 2291.

PERSONAL Secretary required for Managing Director of small publishing house. Box 2359.

YOUNG Editorial Secretary preferably with University Degree: shorthand/typing essential, req. for small publisher. Box 2358.

YOUNG woman with integrity & good with people req. as working housekeeper in sml B & B guest house, Earl's Court, with international clientele. No experience req. but able to work hard & cook first-class breakfasts. Good wages, accom. for 2, garden. Vacant 30 Aug. Phone owners KIL. 0763.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ORGANISING Secretary (woman not over 45) reqd residential hostels which train and employ disabled girls in fine needlework. London area. Admin. ability and interest in soc. work. Apply Box 1393.

YOUNG Secretary for congenial West End office, interested in the arts. High speeds not essential. Apply in writing stating age and salary required. Box 2341.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane, EC4 (opposite Gamages), requires Part-time Shorthand Typist, Assistant for Training Secretary, 20 hours – times to be arranged. Salary £5. For appointment 'phone HOL. 3456, Ext. 104.

SECRETARY over 23, efficient & intell., for Association. Sal. £600 & L.v's. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SUPERIOR Office Staff offer London's Finest temp. and perm. positions at 43 South Molton Street, Mayfair. HYD. 8383.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG lady IBP Inter Standard 2 yrs. medical photographic experience, requires position small hospital assistant photographer. Willing go anywhere. Box 2171.

GERMAN and Scandinavian Mother's Helps, Spanish maids, etc., supplied constantly by Beckenham Bureau, Village Way, Beckenham. BEC. 8329.

YOUNG man, 35, married, bogged down in dreary indust. position for too long, sks perm. position. No written qualif. but fluent German, exceptional general knowledge & memory. Publishing or similar pref. Box 2140.

CAMBRIDGE MA, 26, single, requires part- or spare-time employment. Scooter. Anything whatsoever considered. Rendell, WEL. 6635.

FRENCHWOMAN, married to Britisher, spks fluent English, Spanish, German, sh/t., experience as linguist-sec., sks part-time post as translator or sec. Box 2348.

STUDENTSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

BRUNEL COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
Woodlands Avenue, Acton, W3

RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP

Applications are invited for a RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP (value £245 p.a. to £360 p.a., according to residence), tenable as from 1 September 1958. Applicants should hold a good Honours Degree in Chemistry, or Mathematics or Psychology or the Social Sciences and should be qualified to undertake research in one of these fields. Applications from candidates taking a degree this summer would be considered. Preference will be given to graduates qualified to work for a Higher degree of a University.

The Studentship will be awarded in the first instance for one year, but subject to satisfactory progress may be renewed on an annual basis.

The award will be increased by £100 to £200 where the successful candidate has spent at least two post-graduate years in an approved professional capacity in industry and has reached the age of 24 or 26 years.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Principal and should be returned within 21 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

C. E. GURR, MSc, PhD,
Clerk to the Governing Body.

THE Architectural Association School of Architecture, Department of Tropical Architecture. Session 6 October 1958 – 27 March 1959. Applications are invited from post-graduate students of architecture and qualified architects with interests in building in the tropics for the next six-month full-time course in Tropical Architecture. Full details can be obtained from the A.A. School. The fee for the course is £120. Studentships for the amounts shown have been donated by the following firms: Yorkshire Imperial Metals, Ltd., 2 studentships each of £50; John Laing & Son, Ltd., 2 studentships each of £50; Crittall Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 1 studentship of £50. Applicants for studentships should write to the Principal, 36 Bedford Square, WC1, before Tuesday, 26 August 1958. The course includes lectures by specialists on specific aspects of Tropical Architecture, Housing and Planning at 5 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The lecture course is open to architects and others at a fee of £12 10s. per term.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. A. E. and F. A. Q. Stephens Postgraduate Research Fellowship. Applications are invited for an A. E. and F. A. Q. Stephens Postgraduate Research Fellowship from graduates of any Australian University other than the University of Sydney, or from graduates of any overseas University, who produce satisfactory evidence of research experience. The Fellow will undertake postgraduate work in the Faculty of his choice in the University of Sydney. The Fellowship is of the annual value of £A850 p.a., payable half-yearly in advance, and is awarded for one year only in the first instance, but may be renewed for a second year. Further information and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar, The University of Sydney, with whom applications close on 30 September 1958. Margaret A. Telfer, Registrar.

FELLOWSHIPS—continued

THE University of Leeds. Department of Social Studies. Applications are invited for a Granada Television Research Fellowship of a value of between £1,500 and £2,000 a year, tenable from as early a date as can be arranged, for a period of up to five years in the first instance. The Fellow will be expected to undertake research into the public impact of television over as wide an area of enquiry as practicable. Provision has been made by the donors of the fellowship, Messrs. Granada TV Network, Ltd, both for the appointment of such Research Assistants and clerical help as the Fellow may reasonably require and for additional expenses arising in the course of the research. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than 30 September 1958.

PERSONAL

CAN YOU DRAW?
Why not take a Home Study course in general Commercial Art, including anatomy, layout, poster and illustration with the FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS? We will train you for a well-paid spare-time occupation in Commercial Art. Write for FREE talent test and opinion of your ability to
FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
17 WESTPORT, GODALMING, SURREY.

MARY & Colin's wedding: St Cross, Oxford, 2 p.m., 9 August. Reception (invitation only) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

ROOM with full board offered in comfortable family house ½ hour London. Might suit foreign visitor or student. £5 per week, but reduction by arrangement in exchange for light home help. Box 2349.

OXFORD arts undergrad. (f) seeks res. vac. post not London area. Box 2233.

BACHELOR 30's (N Wales) seeks m. comp. holidays & wkends. Box 2235.

BACHELOR (39), resident Oxford, offers hospitality to another for holidays, weekends. Box 2237.

PRIVATE Coaching in Speech & Drama – defects corrected – Examination candidates welcome. Ring Reliance 6287.

ROME: Excellent pensione recommended. Mod. Sthyr, 9 Worthy Lane, Winchester.

FRENCH student, 20, scout, wd like to stay au pair pref. Kent. Willing to do any job, as waiter, teaching French or in family, etc. 1 Aug. – 15 Sept. Box 2248.

YOUNG Swiss socialist (m., 22) seeks young companion (Englishman) for holidays in Scotland. (17 Aug.-7 Sept.). Box 2315.

VOLUNTARY Cttee engaged Discharged Prisoners' Aftercare reqs unpaid secretl help. Occas. evgs. Cent. London. Box 2275.

SILENCE, rest: Italian lakes holiday or permanent home offered to suitable party, exceptionally easy terms. Goodman, 1 Spring Terrace, Richmond, Surrey.

LADY W. End Theatre Agent reqs. ldy partnr (expd bus). Nom. sal. plus percentage. Write fully Trigg, 90 Castelnau, SW14.

YNG man, 29, sks m companion for continental air/coach tour Holland, 17-27 Sept. 1 week coach tour. Box 2226.

MUSIC-Making (informal). Diana Whitehead (soprano) and Ronald Chamberlain (pianoforte) available for societies, clubs, social evs etc. Classical, Romantic and Modern works. Write 56, Redington Rd, NW3.

BLUTHNER upright, absolute bargain, £15. WEStern 2606, 3 Aug. onwards.

PLEASANT Hampstead Garden Flat to let 16 Aug.-7 Sept. £25 incl. Box 2308.

LGE bedsit., full use kit., bath, tel., offered exch. care boy 5 yrs from 3.30-5.30 term time. Occas. babysit. N. Lond. Box 2168.

SWISS Lady living in Zurich by herself, seeks healthy English Lady as companion (30/40 years) to improve her English conversation. No other duties. Board and lodging free. Starting 1 August for 2 months. Please write, with photograph, to P 58403 Z, Publicitas, Zurich, 1.

BACHELOR, 33, seeks vacation post Aug., London. Anything reas. Box 2139.

HEPHAISTOS School for the education and rehabilitation of physically disabled boys; opening 25 September; for prospectus apply Principals, Farley Castle, Farley Hill, Reading.

JUGOSLAVIA. Girl seeks f. companions or couple. After 5 Sept. Box 2141.

CONCERT pianiste/teacher urgently needs studio, flat, or any offers of suitable accom. Regents Pk, Hampstead, Highgate. Congenial atmosphere. Rent mod. Box 2354.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

PERSONAL—continued

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts. Join now, Entrance Fee suspended during summer. Special terms for married couples and students. Apply: Secretary, ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. GRO. 6186.

A FREE Winter Sports holiday is offered to anyone who can form a party of 16 members. Box 2344.

YOUNG man (25), in Munich (Festival) Aug. 16-30 sks companion (m.). Box 2333.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 2336.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

PARTNERSHIP offered in tearooms/flatlet bsc. Capital £700-£1,000 & catering experience reqd. 50/50 investment. Box 2009.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

HOLIDAY Help; foreign girls seek 'au pair' posts July-Oct. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. 4-12 yrs. Thanet House, 18 Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

SMALL, informal parties are now being arranged for members to meet one another at theatres, cinemas, dances, art exhibitions, music circles, At Homes, etc. Send s.a.e. for particulars and programme to The Companions Club, 11c Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St. London, W1.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un. 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

RICHARDS (Frances) watercolour & drawing for sale privately, low prices. Tessimond, 4a Joubert Mans. Jubilee Pl, SW3.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept E./191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WEL. 6655 for details.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. Do you agree? Write Secretary (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

HOUSE Party holidays or weekends by the sea in Sussex, Wales, Cornwall or Norfolk has August/September vacancies for professional people and their families. Costs from £2 15s. (weekend) or 8 gns. per week. Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Rd, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

CHILDREN over 3 welcomed as P.G.s. Mr & Mrs P. D. Wilson, The Gables, Halland, Lewes, Sx. (Tel. Halland 268.)

PHOTOGRAPHS in your home? garden? office? Ring Anthony Panting at MAI. 3200 for a quotation. No extra charge over studio fee for St John's Wood.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

UP the Creek – or across the Channel – Atalanta, Fairey Marine's wonderful 26-foot sailing cruiser, will take your whole family in comfort and safety for the finest holidays you've ever known. Use Atalanta as a caravan to trail to your cruising grounds and home again. Atalanta's cost is only £1,675, plus sails, and engine if required. Extended credit terms are available of course. Write for literature to Dept. ATA8, Fairey Marine, Ltd., Hamble, Hants.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

PLANNED Families booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores Ltd. 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester, for price list of our surgical goods, etc.

HENRY. Meet you road Junction two miles N.E. of Great Twittering on National Benzole road map (Section three). You can't miss it – the map's so jolly clear; From National Benzole garages & filling stations, 1s.

CLINIC for the Bates System of Eyesight Rehabilitation every Wednesday afternoon from 2 to 5 p.m. at 18 Great Marlborough St, W1. By appointment only. All enqs to 46 Portland Place, W1. LAN. 3626.

CAMERA Advice Centre specialises in developing of films by inspection, and quality enlarging. 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

FOOD AND DRINK

TAKE a pair of sparkling eyes, and a pair of ruby lips – and toast them, in the finest sherry you have ever tasted – Duff Gordon's El Cid. That's the way to find amor.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUSeum 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672

11 August for 4 weeks
Evenings 7.0, Mats Sats 2.30
Feliks Parnell's
BALLET FROM POLAND

Now booking.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu./Fri. Evgs. 8.0. Sat. Sun. 5, 8. Noon Has No Shadow. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue 2-yr fr.2.30, Sun. 4. 8th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems., tikt & free mag.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Mn. 8.0. S. 5 8.15. W. 2.30. Joan Plowright in The Chairs & The Lesson. 3 wks only.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Wally Pone' a new musical. Thurs.-Sun. 7.45 mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL
BBC presents 64th Season
HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
Until Sat., 20 September.
Tickets: 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s., at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), H. G. Clouzot's 'The Picasso Mystery' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 3 Aug.: Satyajit Ray's The Unvanquished (U). Summer Revivals. From 4 Aug.: Kenneth More in Raising A Riot (U). From 7 Aug.: Charles Laughton in Hobson's Choice (U).

ROXY, BAYswater 2345. W/e 3 August, Gary Cooper, 'Friendly Persuasion.' U. 'The Case of the Mukkinese Battle Horn' U.

FOLKSONG Unlimited, usual singers, every Wed. Cranbourne (Leics. Sq. Tube).

ALL night barbecue party, August 16, in romantic water-mill, Herts. Illuminations, music, dancing. Raffle of works of art by famous painters and sculptures. Send sae for tickets 10s 6d. Apply Box 2355.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S new publication Raoul Dufy's The Open Window, £3 6s. & 9s. 4d. tax from all printsellers and from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., WC2. Food and Drink—paintings and prints. Also picture lending library, yearly sub. 1 gn., 7s. 6d. per month per painting.

ART Treasures from Japan. An Arts Council Exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 17 August. Open Bank Holiday Monday. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2.30-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1958 English & French paintings, watercolours, & original lithographs. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 30 Aug.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Giacometti, Marini, Matisse, Moore. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 13 Sept.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

CAS Exhibition at the Tate Gallery until 21 August.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Water colours. Anthony Gross & others.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Till 7 August.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important drawings, paintings and sculptures offered for sale in Exhibition of XIX & XX Century European Masters—Bonnard, Degas, Kokoschka, Matisse, Munch, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, Rouault, De Stael, Utrillo, Van Gogh, etc., and two new sculptures by Henry Moore. 10.-5.30 Sat. 10-12.30.

ST George's Gallery: Exhibition of the 40 best British Etchings, Lithographs, etc., of 1958. Colour transparency catalogue illustrating all 40, 5s. post free. 7 Cork St, W1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Brenson, Yl. Strannik, Zangs. Till 11 August. Daily 10-6; Sats 10-1.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and private apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

THE Waddington Galleries. Three Painters. Ivon Hitchens, Jack B. Yeats, Roderi: O'Conor and 'Colour, Form & Line'. Daily 10-6 Sat. 10-1. 2, Cork St, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Alan Davie Retrospective 1936-1958. Closed Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Re-opens 5th. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, Bond St, W1. Paintings by Bob Currie, sculpture and drawings by Len Clayden, Joan A. M. Moore, Roy Rasmussen, Jean Aron, George Fullard. 4 Aug.-16 Aug. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1 Seven Indian painters in Europe.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. John Stonehouse MP on "The Co-operative Movement', Wed. 6 Aug. 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Visitors 2s.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 9 August at 6 p.m. M. Guérin (Alliance Française): Vacances en France.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. The Society's premises will be closed to the public during August. Wed. public lectures begin again 10 Sept. Beginners' Class from 9 Sept., and the popular Saturday Group from 13 Sept. Read 'The Middle Way', leading Buddhist journal in the West, 2s 10d quarterly post free. P.S. There *may* still be a place for you at our Hoddesdon Summer School (22-29 Aug.) if you hurry. £8 12 6d incl. for a week that may change your life!

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture, Sun., 8 p.m., 3 Aug. 'Self-Analysis.'

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ALBERT Schweitzer College, Churwalden (4,000 ft) Switzerland. Year Course 1958/59, 1 Oct.–30 June. A modern international study centre inspired by the life and thought of Albert Schweitzer. A balanced education in a democratic community. Courses, in both English and German, on philosophical and sociological problems, religion, ethics and psychology. Language instruction. Arts and sports. Good general education required. For adults from 18-35. Three 11-week terms. Cost £98 10s. per term inclusive for board, lodging and tuition.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ST James' Academy, 283 Oxford St, London, W1, HYD. 6524, announce opening new Residential College in Hampstead. Intensive Full/part-time Secretarial Courses start 16 & 29 September, 5 January & 6 April, 1959—Small Groups—Remarkable Results.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Courses. English for Foreign Students. Day and Ev. Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginners' crse, all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn St, WC2. COV. 0754.

SPANISH, Flamenco, Plectrum Guitar Tuition (Personal & Postal.) Prospectus: Ivor Mairants (s), 195 Wardour St, W1. Tel. REG. 0644/5.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE. Law Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARK 8392.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Postal Crses & coaching. 11 Old Bond St, W1.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing—Lechetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

AIR TOURS
to
TENERIFE,
CANARY ISLANDS

Elizabeth Nicholas, the well-known travel writer, has described these islands as 'the nearest thing to Paradise in winter that an escaped Englishman has the right to expect'. Yet comparatively few people have visited them. Now Wings Limited offers a new series of holidays with travel

ENTIRELY BY AIR

A twelve-day tour, staying at Gibraltar on the way out and a night at Madrid on the way home, and the rest of the time at lovely Orotava on the island of TENERIFE, the most beautiful of all the Canaries, where even in November or January, you can find cloudless skies and warm sun shining on blue seas and colourful flowers.

67 GUINEAS

covers the cost of an inclusive tour. Not only the air fares throughout but a complete holiday with all hotel accommodation and full board included. Compare this with the normal air fare alone which is over £89.

VISIT TENERIFE
this autumn or winter.

There are regular departures from LONDON AIRPORT commencing on 5 OCTOBER. Full details from
WINGS LIMITED
48 (F) PARK ROAD, Baker Street, London, NW1.
Telephone AMBASSADOR 1001.

AUGUST VACANCIES

It is not too late to join a House Party by the sea in Britain, Sweden, Italy or in the mountains in Austria or Switzerland. Details of these and other economical holidays on the Costa Brava, Majorca on the Italian Riviera or in Yugoslavia from

ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

1,300 miles south to the sun
only £61 return!
MADEIRA

Searching for something out of the ordinary this year? Here then is a golden opportunity to visit Madeira, the most beautiful sub-tropical island in the world, where you can enjoy a luxury holiday at considerably reduced fares. Every hotel offers reasonable rates and retains a high standard of comfort food and service. It is never too late to holiday in Madeira.

See your Travel Agent now or contact:
AQUILA AIRWAYS
62 Brompton Rd. London, SW3
Telephone: KENsington 4567

£20 will take you to Spain and back, buying you three weeks sunshine. Not a luxury tour, but a camping holiday with informal but knowledgeable companions. Leaving early August and early Sept. Details from Box 1912.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

EXTEND the English Summer (if any) by a southward pilgrimage to the Sun in late Sept. (21 from London) 14 Days in Tarragona at Fiesta Time will cost you only £28-£30. Details from Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (Behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

STUDENTS Fortnight inclusive of fare and pension 31 Aug. and 14 Sept., Deva, Spain, £27. Non-students £30. Hotel, lovely beach. Wernick, 8 The Mall Studios, Tasker Rd, NW3. Tel. GULliver 4705.

SEPTEMBER in Cavi (It. Riviera) unsophisticated but charming. If interested in small expense-sharing (£44 all-incl.) air party write 28, Harvel Crescent, SE2. Erith 3408. Comfortable hotel.

ONE place complete party 20, Lago di Como August 17-30. Trickey, 1, Buckingham Vale, Bristol 8.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

WEST Chelsea: half-share flat. Own bedroom, share sit., kit., bath, with art teacher (f.). 55s. p.w. Box 2278.

GOOD-class acc. best part Hampstead. Attract. div.-rm. Built-in kitchenette. Cple or 2 friends. £4 10s. Also charm. sgle rm £3. Use tel., bath (H. & c.). Prof. people preferred. HAM. 7428.

LARGE single newly-decorated divan-room in quiet flat. Cooking facilities. £2 12s. 6d. MAIda Vale 2555 after 6.45 p.m.

CANONBURY. Big well-furn. ground-floor flat, 3 rooms, kit., use bath, tel. 5 gns. Also going 2 rooms, kit. £3 15s. CAN. 1633.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4-£10, full board, 12 Parkill Rd, E. Croydon. CRO. 2634.

BARON'S Court. Attract. twin furn. flats, each sleep 3, kit., dble bedrm., divan-liv. rm. Share bathrm. All amenities. Open any nationality. 6 gns wk each. MEA. 2402.

HIGHBURY large double room & kit. £3 15s. CAN. 6514.

FURN. sgle room, sink, cooker, for quiet bus. gentleman. LAD. 6167.

TENANTS wanted (2 f) for furnished, self-contained flat in Highgate house for whom house-minding some evenings no hardship. Rent £3 15s. exclusive fuel. Would suit students or PSWs. Box 2296.

ACCOM. with partial board available Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

NW6. S/c. 1st fl. flat, 3 rms., k., b., hall, frig., tel., crockery, bedding, well-f. Nr. buses/tube. £8 10s. MAI. 8312.

ATTRACTIVE single furnished flatlet, h. & c., ckg facs. £3. TUD. 0516.

GIRL offered half-share in flat. 3 rooms, k., b. Ealing. PER. 8231.

FURN. flat, dble b/s., own k., Ascot, in quiet intellectual home. LAD 6167.

NICELY furn. sgle b/s., h. & c., good cooking facs. 52s. 6d. LADbroke 3031.

HOL. cottage (old mill) on stream nr village. Both sands & hills, e.l., water, to let fur. Sept. 6 gns p.w. Box 2351.

SEAFORD. Furnished house to let Sept mnth, 4 bedrooms. Excellent for children, sea 150 yds. 12 gns. p.w. Box 2337.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

ARCHITECT & artist wife require furn. accommodation, possibly with studio. ckg. facs., pref. s/c., phone, etc. Easy reach central London. Excellent refs. Box 1946.

YOUNG lady reqs. bed-sit. with cooking facils in London. Box 2266.

QUIET hard-working journalist wants room, light breakfast, with people suffering rent increase. Within 4 miles Fleet St. Advance payment for reasonable terms. Box 2335.

ARCHITECT shs pleas. accom.; large rm with kit.; would share flat. Box 2281.

SMALL flat or rooms reqd Putney. Woman teacher. Not over £3. Box 2267.

UNIVERSITY lecturer, wife, small child, seek fully furnished flat (2 bedrooms, living room, kitchen, bath) from September 1958, one year. Not over £7. Box 2280.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

SMALLHOLDING. Comfortable, small sound and very secluded Elizabethan farmhouse and five interesting acres for sale. 5 miles from Aldeburgh coast, Suffolk. 3 large bedrooms, 2 large sitters, usual offices. All modern conveniences accessible. Alterations could qualify for grant. Garage, sheds, etc., orchard, garden and three acres rough woodland. Two and a quarter useful meadow sloping South. Charming aspects. Immediate possession. Price £2,250. Particulars, Box No. 1866, c/o Charles Barker & Sons Ltd., Gateway House, London EC4.

COTTAGE, North Dorset. Two rooms, small kitchen, upper room small studio with 8×5 north window, main water, electricity, new garage, outside Elsan, well cultivated garden. Freehold £800. Box 2292.

RIVERSIDE modernised cottage, Herts-Essex border, Liverpool St 30 mins. 2½ bedrooms, fishing, mooring rights. £1,950, good mortgage. Hoddesdon 2368.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.; N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.; Australia, New Zealand, Japan, 140s.
By air express to W. Africa 90s.; E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa, India 98s.; Singapore & Malaya 105s.; Australia 130s.

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1. Postage on this issue: Inland 2½d, Foreign 2½d, Canada 1d